

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO those who are acquainted with this Author's other Writings, *viz.* *The Dean of COLERAINE, The Life of CLEVELAND,* and *The Memoirs of the Marq. de BRETAGNE,* the following Work (now first translated) will require no farther Recommendation.

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THE

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Chevalier DES GRIEUX.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Translated from the *French*.

V O L. I.

You who have Hearts, ye Virgins, fair and gay,
Who blindly rove where Pleasure leads the Way,
Here see the Dangers of the gay and fair,
Here see what *Manon* suffer'd — and beware!

And you, fond Youths, whom Love and Beauty warm,
Whom flatt'ring Vice and Dissipation charm,
Learn from this Tale your Passions to refrain,
Be timely wise, and Virtue's Paths regain!

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. WHITE, at HORACE'S HEAD,
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MDCCLXVII.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE

ANGELIC ORDER

IN THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND

THE

WEST INDIES

AND

THE

ISLANDS

THE AUTHOR'S
P R E F A C E.

THE Reader will see, in the following History, the fatal Consequences of unbridled Passion. He will see, in *M. des Grieux*, the Portrait of an inconsiderate young Man, who, refusing to be happy, plunges headlong into the utmost Misery; who, with all the Endowments that constitute the most distinguished Merit, prefers an obscure and vagabond Life to every Advantage of Fortune and of Nature; who foresees his Distresses without having the Power to avoid them; who

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feels and is overwhelmed by them, without availing himself of the Remedies which are incessantly offered him, and which might every Moment put an End to them; in short, a doubtful Character, a Compound of Virtues and Vices, a perpetual Contrast of good Sentiments and bad Actions. Persons of Sense will not look on such a Work as an idle Amusement. Besides the Pleasure of an agreeable Entertainment, most of the Events here related will be found to answer some moral Purpose, and he who blends Instruction with Delight, is in my Opinion, a public Benefactor.

When we reflect on the Precepts of Morality, we are sometimes surprised to see them at once esteemed and neglected, and we ask ourselves
the

P R E F A C E. v.

the Reason of this Caprice of the human Heart, which makes it pleased with the Ideas of Goodness and Perfection, from which in Practice it constantly deviates. If, for Example, Persons of a certain Disposition of Mind and of Good Breeding will examine what is the most general Subject of their Conversations, or even of their lonely Reveries, they will easily observe that they almost always turn on moral Considerations. To Persons of a certain Taste the most delightful Moments of their Lives are those which they pass alone, or with a Friend, in discoursing, with open Heart, on the Charms of Virtue, the Endearments of Friendship, the Methods of attaining Happiness, the Weakness of Nature, which makes us miserable, and the Remedies to cure it. *Horace* and *Boileau* describe
such

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such a Conversation as one of the most beautiful Tints from which they compose the Picture of a happy Life. What then is the Cause that we so easily descend from these lofty Speculations, and are again so soon reduced to a Level with the Generality of Mankind ? If I mistake not, the Reason that I shall here assign will well explain this Contradiction in our Ideas and our Conduct ; it is, that all the Precepts of Morality being only vague and general Principles, it is very difficult to make a particular Application of them to Manners and Actions. Let us prove this by an Example. Minds that have been well instructed perceive that Good-nature and Humanity are amiable Virtues, and they are strongly inclined to practise them ! But at the Moment when an Occasion offers, they are frequently

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frequently in Suspence. "Is this really a proper Occasion? Do we know what ought to be its Limits? Are we not mistaken in the Object?" They are stopped by a hundred like Difficulties. They are afraid of being cheated by desiring to be generous and beneficent, or of being thought weak by appearing too tender and compassionate; in short, of exceeding or of not sufficiently discharging the Duties that are comprised in too obscure a Manner under the general Notions of Humanity and Good-nature. In this Uncertainty, nothing but Experience or Example can reasonably give a Byass to the Heart. But Experience is not an Advantage that all the World can give us; it depends on the different Situations in which we are placed by Fortune. Nothing then

then remains but Example, which may serve as a Rule to a Number of Persons in the Practice of Virtue. To such Sort of Readers, Works like this may be extremely useful, I mean when they are composed by a Writer of Character and Good Sense. Every Fact there related is a Degree of Information and Instruction that supplies the Place of Experience; every Adventure is a Model by which we may be formed; it only wants to be fitted to our own peculiar Circumstances. In short the whole Work is a Treatise of Morality agreeably reduced to Practice,

T H E

E R R A T U M.

Vol. I. p. 190. For *Cballiot* read *Chaillet*.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Chevalier *des Grioux.*

BOOK I.



T seventeen Years of Age
I had finished my Philoso-
phical Studies at *Amiens*, *
having been sent thither
by my Relations, who are one of the
VOL. I. B best

* The Capital of *Picardy*, 46 *English* Miles
North of *Paris*.

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best Families in *Picardy*. I led so discreet and regular a Life that my Tutors proposed me as a Pattern to the whole College. Not that I deserved this Preference by any extraordinary Efforts, but I was naturally of a sweet and easy Temper. I followed my Studies by Inclination, and was reckoned virtuous only for being exempted from gross Vices. My Birth, my Improvements, and some good natural Endowments had made me known and esteemed by all the People of Fashion in the City. I came off from my public Disputations with such a general Applause, that the Bishop, who was present, advised me to enter into Holy Orders, “ where,” he said, “ I should “ infallibly be more distinguished than “ in the Order of *Malta*, for which my “ Relations designed me.” They had already made me wear the *Cross*, and take the Name of the Chevalier *des Grioux*. Some Vacancies happening, I prepared
to

to return to my Father, who had promised to send me soon to the Academy. All that I regretted on quitting *Amiens* was the leaving there one Friend with whom I had always been tenderly connected. He was some Years older than myself. We had been brought up together, but his Family being in very moderate Circumstances, he was obliged to enter into Orders, and he stayed at *Amiens* after me that he might apply himself to the Studies suitable to that Profession. He had a thousand good Qualities, and in particular was zealous and generous in his Friendship beyond the most celebrated Examples of Antiquity. If I had then followed his Advice, I should always have been wise and happy ; at least, if I had availed myself of his Assistance, on the Precipice to which my Passions had hurried me, I should have preserved from the Wreck some Part of my Fortune and Reputation ; but all that he gained by his Cares

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was the Chagrin to find that they were useless, and were sometimes repaid with Rudeness and Ingratitude by a Wretch who was disgusted with them, and thought them troublesome.

I had fixed the Time of my Departure from *Amiens*. Ah! that I had fixed it a Day sooner! I should then have returned to my Father with all my Innocence. The very Evening before I intended to leave that City, as I was walking with my Friend, whose Name was *Tiberge*, we saw the *Arras** Coach come in, and had the Curiosity to follow it to the Inn where those Carriages put up. We had no other Design but to know with what Passengers it was filled. Some Women got out, who immediately retired; one, who was very young, remained alone in the Inn-Yard; while a Man, advanced in Years, who seemed to act as a kind of Guardian, was employed in seeing her
Baggage

* The Capital of *Artois*, 30 *English* Miles N. of *Amiens*.

Baggage taken out of the Boot. She was so bewitching, that I, who had never thought of the Difference of Sexes, and who before had scarce ever regarded a Woman for one Minute, even I, whose Prudence and Discretion were universally admired, found myself enamoured all at once, even to the Height of Folly and Extravagance. I had the Misfortune of being naturally diffident so as to be easily disconcerted, but then, instead of being hindered by that Weakness, I approached the Mistress of my Heart. Though she was younger even than I, she received the handsome Compliment which I paid her without being embarrassed. I asked what brought her to *Amiens*, and if she had any Acquaintance there? She frankly told me that she was sent thither by her Relations to be a Nun. Love had in a Moment so enlightened me, that I considered this Design as a mortal Blow to my Desires. I mentioned it to her in a Manner that

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made her acquainted with my Sentiments, for she had much more Experience than I ; she was sent to a Convent against her Will, and to put a Stop, no doubt, to her Inclination for Pleasure, which she had already discovered, and which in the Sequel was the Cause of all her Misfortunes and of all mine. I opposed this cruel Intention of her Friends with all the Arguments which my growing Love and scholastic Eloquence could suggest. She affected neither Rigour nor Disdain: She told me, after a Moment's Silence, that she too well foresaw that she was going to be miserable, but that it was evidently the Will of Heaven, as she had no possible Means of avoiding it. The Sweetness of her Looks, the pleasing Air of Sadness with which she pronounced these Words, or rather the Ascendant of my Fate which hurried me to my Ruin, would not suffer me to deliberate one Moment on my Answer. I assured her that if she
would

would rely on my Honour, and on the infinite Tendernefs with which ſhe had already inſpired me, I would employ my Life to deliver her from the Tyranny of her Relations, and to make her happy. I have been aſtoniſhed a thouſand times ſince, when I have reflected on it, to think how I could expreſs myſelf with ſo much Boldneſs and Facility; but Love would never have been deified, if he had not been accuſtomed to perform Miracles. To this I added a thouſand urgent Intreaties. My fair *Incognita* well knew that Men of my Age are no Hypocrites. She owned to me, that, if I ſaw any likely Method of ſetting her at Liberty, ſhe ſhould think herſelf indebted to me for a Gift more valuable than Life. I repeated, that I was ready to undertake any thing; but not having Experience enough to contrive on a ſudden how to ſerve her, I contented myſelf with this general Assurance, which could not but give her great Comfort.

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Mean while her old *Argus* having rejoined us, my Hopes would have failed, if she had not had Wit enough to supply the Deficiency of mine. When her Guardian arrived, I was surpris'd to hear her call me her Cousin, and that, without being in the least confused, she told me, that since she was so happy as to meet me at *Amiens*, she would defer her going into the Convent till the next Day, that she might give herself the Pleasure of supping with me. I easily comprehended her View in this Trick. I recommended to her a Lodging at an Inn, the Master of which, who had settled at *Amiens*, after having long been my Father's Coachman, was entirely devoted to my Service. I conducted her thither myself, while the old Guardian murmured a little, and while my Friend *Tiberge*, who understood nothing of what pass'd, followed me, without uttering a Syllable. He had not heard our Conversation, being walking in the
Inn

Inn-Yard, while I was making Love to my fair Mistress. As I dreaded his Prudence, I got rid of him by pretending a Commission which I begged him to discharge ; so that when we reached the Inn, I had the Pleasure of having my Charmer's Company to myself. I soon found that I was not so much of a Child as I imagined. My Heart expanded itself in a thousand pleasing Sentiments, of which I had never had any Idea. A delightful Warmth diffused itself through all my Veins. I was in a kind of Transport which deprived me for a Time of the Use of Speech, and which I could only express by my Eyes. Mademoiselle *Manon Lescaut* (for that, she told me, was her Name) seemed highly satisfied with that Effect of her Charms, and I thought I could perceive that she was no less moved than myself. She owned that she thought me amiable, and that she should be delighted with owing her Liberty to me. She would know
who

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who I was, and this Knowledge increased her Affection ; because, not being of a noble Family, though well born, she was highly gratified with having made the Conquest of a Lover like me. We entertained each other with contriving how to complete our Union. After many Reflections, we could think of no other Method but Flight. It was necessary to elude the Vigilance of her Attendant, who was a Man worth minding, though he was only a Domestic. We agreed, that, during the Night, I should provide a Post-Chaise, and that I should come to the Inn early in the Morning, before he was stirring ; that we should steal away privately, and go directly to *Paris*, where we should immediately be married. I had about fifty Crowns, which were the Fruit of my little Oeconomy ; and she had almost twice as much. We imagined, like Children without Experience, that that Sum would never be spent,
and

and we were equally sanguine as to the Success of our other Measures.

After having supped with more Satisfaction than I had ever felt before, I withdrew in order to execute our Project. This was so much the easier to me, because, intending to return next Day to my Father, my little Baggage was already packed up. I had therefore no Trouble in ordering my Portmanteau to be sent, and a Chaise to be ready at five in the Morning, which was the Hour at which the City-Gates would be opened. But I met with an Obstacle, of which I was not aware, and which had like to have entirely thwarted my Design.

Tiberge, though only three Years older than myself, was a Youth of mature Sense, and very discreet in his Conduct. He loved me with uncommon Tendernefs. The Sight of such a handsome Girl as *Manon*, my Eagerness to attend

attend her, and the Pains I had taken to get rid of him, by sending him away, had made him entertain some Suspicions of my Passion. He did not venture to return to the Inn where he had left me, for fear of giving me Offence, but he waited for me at my Lodging, where I found him when I came home, though it was then nine o'clock at Night. His Presence chagrined me. He soon perceived the Uneasiness which it gave me. "I am sure," said he, without Disguise, "that you are meditating some Design, which you are desirous to conceal from me; I see it in your Looks." I answered him pretty roughly, "that I was not obliged to account to him for all my Actions. "No," replied he, "but you have always treated me like a Friend, and that Character supposes a little Confidence and Openness". He urged me so vehemently to discover my Secret, that, never having behaved to him with the least Reserve, I frankly informed

formed him of my Passion. He heard it with a Dissatisfaction that terrified me. Above all, I repented of my being so indiscreet, as to discover to him my intended Flight. He told me that he was too much my Friend not to oppose it with all his Power; that he would first represent to me every thing that he thought likely to dissuade me from it; but that if I would not then abandon that wretched Design, he would acquaint those who could effectually prevent it. Upon this, he made me a serious Harangue which lasted above a Quarter of an Hour, and concluded with repeating his Threats to inform against me, if I did not promise to behave with more Prudence and Discretion. I was in Despair at having so unluckily betrayed myself. Nevertheless, as Love had in an Hour or two extremely brightened my Wit, I recollected that I had not told him that my Scheme was to be put in Execution the next Morning, and I resolved to deceive him by an Equivocation.

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vocation. “ *Tiberge*,” said I, “ I
 “ have thought till now that you were my
 “ Friend, and as such I was willing to
 “ make you my Confident. ’Tis true I
 “ am in Love, I have not deceived you ;
 “ but as to my Flight, that is not an
 “ Enterprize to be undertaken rashly.
 “ Call upon me at nine to morrow
 “ Morning, and you shall be Judge
 “ whether or no she is deserving.” He
 left me, after a thousand Protestations
 of Friendship. I was all Night employed
 in settling my Affairs, and repairing to
Manon’s Lodgings at Break of Day, I
 found her waiting for me. She was at
 her Window, which looked into the
 Street ; so that, on seeing me, she came
 down and let me in herself. We de-
 parted without Noise. She had no Bag-
 gage to carry but her Linnen ; of which I
 took the Charge myself. The Chaise
 was quite ready. We immediately left
 the Town. The Sequel will show how
Tiberge acted when he found I had de-
 ceived

ceived him; his Zeal was not, on that Account, the less ardent. It will appear to what Excess he carried it, and how I ought to grieve, when I think in what Manner it has been rewarded.

We made such Haste, that we reached *St. Denis* * before Night. I had rid on Horseback by the Side of the Chaise, which had scarce allowed us to converse but only while we changed Horses; but when we got so near to *Paris*, as to be almost out of Danger, we took Time to refresh ourselves, having eaten nothing since we left *Amiens*. Enamoured as I was of *Manon*, she had the Art to persuade me that she was not less enamoured of me. We had so little Reserve in our Caresses, that we had not the Patience to wait till we were alone. Our Landlords and our Postillions beheld us with Admiration, and I could observe that

* Six *English* Miles North of *Paris*, the Burial-place of the Kings of *France*.

that they were surpris'd to see two Children of our Age, who seem'd in Love even to Madness. Our intended Marriage was forgotten at *St. Denis*: We cheated the Church of its Dues, and we found ourselves Bride and Bridegroom before we thought of it. Certain it is, that, naturally tender and constant as I am, I should have been happy for Life, if *Manon* had been true to me. The more I knew her, the more amiable Qualities I discovered in her. Her Wit, her Love, her Beauty, and Sweetness of Temper formed a Chain so strong and so pleasing, that happy should I have been to have worn it for ever.

We took a ready-furnished Lodging at *Paris* in *Varenne-Street*, and, to my Misfortune, it was near the House of *M. Bontemps*, the celebrated Farmer-General. Three Weeks pass'd, during which I had been so engross'd by my Passion, that I had scarce thought of my Family,

Family, and of the Concern which my Father must have felt at my Absence. Nevertheless, as both *Manon* and myself were prudent enough to keep our own Counsel, the Tranquillity in which we lived made me by Degrees recollect my Duty. I resolved to effect, if possible, a Reconciliation with my Father. My Mistress was so amiable, that I made no Doubt but he would be pleased with her, if I could find Means to bring him acquainted with her Prudence and her Merit. In short, I flattered myself that I should gain his Leave to marry her, finding that I could not marry without his Consent. I communicated this Scheme to *Manon*, and told her, that, besides the Motives of Love and Duty, that of Necessity also should have some Weight, as our Finances were extremely low, and I began to be convinced that they were not inexhaustible. *Manon* received this Proposal with great Coldness. However, the Difficulties which she started

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being suggested only by her Tendernefs and her Fears of losing me, if my Father should disapprove our Design, after having been informed of the Place of our Retreat, I could not have the least Suspicion of the cruel Blow that she was preparing to give me. To the Plea of Necessity she replied, that we had enough still to support us some Weeks, and that, after that, she could find some Resources in the Affection of some Relations in the Country to whom she would write. She softened her Refusal by such tender and passionate Careffes, that I, who lived only in her, and had not the least Suspicion of her Heart, applauded all her Answers and all her Resolutions. I had left her the Management of our Purse, and the Care of defraying our current Expences. I observed, soon after, that our Table was better supplied, and that she had provided herself with some Ornaments of a considerable Value. As I well knew that we could not have above twelve or
fifteen

fifteen Pistoles left, I expressed my Astonishment at this seeming Increase of our Riches. She laughed, and begged me not to be uneasy. "Did not I promise you," said she, "I would find Resources?" I loved with too much Simplicity to be soon alarmed.

One Afternoon, when I had been out, and had told her that I should stay longer than usual, I was astonished, on my coming home, at being forced to wait two or three Minutes at the Door. Our only Servant was a Girl pretty near our own Age. When she opened the Door, I asked her why she had stayed so long? She answered, with some Confusion, that she did not hear me knock. "I have knocked," said I, "only once; but if you did not hear me, how came you to open the Door?" This Question so disconcerted her, that, not having Presence of Mind enough to answer it, she burst into Tears, and assured me that it

was not her Fault, and that *Madam* had ordered her not to open the Door till M. *Bontemps* had got down the other Staircase, which led from the Closet. I remained so confused that I had not Strength to enter the Room. I took Occasion to go down, pretending Business, and ordered the Girl to tell her Mistress that I would be back in a Minute, and not to let her know that she had mentioned M. *Bontemps*.

My Consternation was so great, that I shed Tears as I went down Stairs, but without being conscious to what Sensations they were owing. I went into the first Coffee-house, and having seated myself at a Table, I leaned my Head upon my Hands in order there to unravel what was passing in my Heart. I would fain have considered it as an Illusion, and was ready two or three times to return home without taking any Notice of what had happened. That *Manon* could betray me
seemed

seemed so impossible, that I was afraid of injuring her by my Suspicions. I adored her, no doubt; I had received from her as many Proofs of Love as I had given; why then should I accuse her of being less sincere and less constant than myself? What Reason could she have to deceive me? But three Hours before, she had loaded me with the tenderest Caresses, and had received mine with Transport. I was as well acquainted with her Heart as I was with my own. "No, No," I resumed, "it is impossible that *Manon* should betray me. She knows that I live only for her. She knows too well that I adore her. This cannot induce her to hate me."

Nevertheless, I was at a Loss how to account for the Visit and secret Departure of *M. Bontemps*. I recollected also *Manon's* little Purchases, which I thought exceeded our present Riches. This looked like the Bounty of a new Lover.

Add to this the Confidence with which she had relied on Resources to me unknown; and I could not interpret all this so favourably as I wished. On the other hand, she had scarce been out of my Sight, ever since we had been at *Paris*; whether busy, walking, or at public Places, we had always been together: A Moment's Separation would have given us too much Pain. I could scarce therefore think of a single Minute in which *Manon* could have been engaged with any one but myself. At last, I thought I had unravelled this Mystery. "M. *Bontemps*," said I to myself, "is a Man of great
 " Business, and one who has powerful
 " Friends; *Manon's* Relations have doubt-
 " less employed him to convey some Mo-
 " ney to her. Perhaps she has already
 " received some from him, and he came
 " to-day to bring her more. She has
 " concealed it from me by way of Joke,
 " in order to give me an agreeable
 " Surprise. Perhaps she would have
 " men-

“ mentioned it to me, if I had gone in
“ as usual, instead of coming to torment
“ myself here. At least, she will make
“ no Secret of it, when I mention it to
“ her myself”.

I was so strongly possessed with this Opinion that it in a great Measure dispelled my Sorrow. I immediately returned home. I embraced *Manon* with my usual Tenderness. She received me extremely well: At first, I was tempted to discover my Surmises, which seemed to me more certain than ever; but I restrained myself, hoping that she would prevent me by telling me all that had passed. Supper was served up. I sat down to Table in high Spirits; but by the Light of the Candle that stood between us, I thought I could perceive a Gloom in the Looks, and in the Eyes, of my dear Mistress. This Idea had the same Effect on me. I remarked that she gazed at me in a Manner different

from what was usual. I could not distinguish whether this proceeded from Love or from Compassion; though it had the Appearance of Sweetness and Languor. I observed her with the same Attention; and perhaps she was no less puzzled how to judge of the Situation of my Heart by my Looks. We thought neither of speaking, nor of eating. At last, I saw Tears gush from her beautiful Eyes, perfidious Tears! "Ah! my dear *Manon*," I exclaimed, "you weep; you are in such Affliction as to weep, and yet you tell me not a single Word of your Distress." She answered me only by some Sighs, which added to my Uneasiness. I rose from my Chair, trembling all over. I conjured her with all the Ardor of Love to disclose to me the Occasion of her Tears; I burst into Tears myself while I was drying hers; I was more dead than alive. A Savage would have been melted at the Proofs I gave of Love and Apprehension. While I was thus wholly engaged

engaged with her, I heard the Noise of several Persons coming up Stairs. They tapped gently at our Door. *Manon* gave me a Kiss, and disengaging herself from my Arms, she ran hastily into the Closet, and shut the Door after her. I imagined, that, being a little discomposed, she chose not to be seen by some Strangers who had knocked. I opened the Door to them myself. I had scarce opened it, when I was seized by three Men, whom I immediately knew to be my Father's Servants. They offered me no Violence; but while two of them held me by the Arms, the third searched my Pockets, from whence he took out a little Knife, which was the only Weapon I had about me. They asked my Pardon for the Necessity they were under of treating me with such Disrespect, and told me plainly that they had acted by my Father's Orders, and that my eldest Brother was waiting for me below in a Coach. I was so confounded, that I suffered myself to
be

he led down without resisting or replying. My Brother was really waiting for me. They put me into the Coach to him, and the Coachman, who had had his Instructions, drove at a great Rate towards St *Denis*. My Brother tenderly embraced me ; but spoke not a Word ; so that I had all the Leisure that I wanted to reflect on my Misfortune.

At first, it seemed so unaccountable, that I could not form even the least Conjecture. I had indeed been cruelly betrayed ; but by whom ? *Tiberge* was the first of whom I thought. " Traitor," said I, " you are a dead Man, if my " Suspicions should be confirmed." However, I reflected, that he was ignorant of the Place of my Abode, and consequently, that it could not have been learned from him. To accuse *Manon*, that was a Crime of which my Heart dared not to be guilty. That uncommon Sadness with which I had seen her over-

overwhelmed, her Tears, the tender Kifs that ſhe gave me when ſhe withdrew, ſeemed indeed a Myſtery; but I found myſelf inclined to interpret it as a foreboding of our mutual Misfortune; and at the Time when I was in Deſpair on Account of the Accident that had torn me from her, I was weak enough to imagine that ſhe was ſtill more wretched than myſelf. The Reſult of my Reflections was my being perſuaded that I had been ſeen in the Streets of *Paris* by ſome of my Acquaintance, who had informed my Father. This Thought gave me Comfort. I depended on eſcaping with ſome Reproaches, or ſome harſh Treatment, which I muſt ſuffer from paternal Authority. I determined to bear them with Patience, and to promiſe every thing that was required of me, that I might the ſooner facilitate my Return to *Paris*, and go to reſtore Life and Joy to my dear *Manon*.

We

We soon arrived at St. *Denis*. My Brother, surpris'd at my Silence, imagin'd that it was owing to my Fear. He endeavour'd to comfort me by assuring me that I had nothing to dread from my Father's Severity, provided I was inclin'd to return peaceably to my Duty, and to deserve the Affection he bore me. He made me pass the Night at St. *Denis*, taking care that the three Servants should lie in my Chamber. What hurt me extremely was the seeing myself at the same Inn where I had stopp'd with *Manon* in our Way from *Amiens* to *Paris*. The Landlord and the Waiters recollected me, and guess'd at the same Time my true History. I overheard them say to their Master, "Ha! that's the lively Spark
" who was here a Month ago with a pretty
" Girl that he was so fond of. Heavens!
" what a Beauty she was? Poor things!
" how they kiss'd! Faith, it is a Pity
" to part them." I pretended not to hear

hear them, and kept myself from being seen as much as possible. My Brother had a Chaise and Pair at *St. Denis*, in which we set out early in the Morning, and got home the Day after. He saw my Father before I did, in order to prepossess him in my Favour, by telling him how quietly I suffered myself to be brought away ; so that he received me more kindly than I expected. He contented himself with reproaching me in general Terms for the Fault that I had committed in absenting myself without his Leave. As to my Mistress, he told me that I had well deserved what had just happened, for devoting myself to a Stranger ; that he had had a better Opinion of my Prudence ; but that he hoped, this little Adventure would make me wiser. I understood these Words in no other Sense but that which was consistent with my own Ideas. I thanked my Father for his Goodness in forgiving me, and promised to behave with more Submission

Submission and Regularity. Mean time I exulted within myself; for by the Manner in which these things were conducted, I made no Doubt but I should be able to get out of the House even before the Night was over. We sat down to Supper: I was rallied on my Conquest at *Amiens*, and on my Flight with that faithful Mistress. I parried these Thrusts with a good Grace. I was even charmed at being allowed to converse on that which was always uppermost in my Thoughts. But some Words that my Father dropped made me listen with the utmost Attention. He mentioned *Perfidy*, and the *interested Services* of *M. Bontemps* — I was confounded at hearing him pronounce that Name, and humbly begged him to explain himself farther. He turned towards my Brother, and asked him if he had not told me all the Story? My Brother replied, that I had seemed so tranquil on the Road, that he thought I had no
Need

Need of that Remedy to cure me of my Folly. I observed that my Father was in some Doubt whether, or no, he should proceed to an Explanation: But I intreated him so earnestly, that he satisfied me, or rather cruelly assassinated me, by the most horrible Story that can be conceived.

He first asked me, if I had always had the Simplicity to believe that my Mistress loved me? I told him boldly, that I was so sure of it, that nothing could give me the least Suspicion. "Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, laughing most immoderately, "that is excellent! You are an egregious Dupe, and I am glad to find you in this Way of thinking. It is a great Pity, my poor Chevalier, to make you enter into the Order of *Malta*, as you are so well qualified for a tame and convenient Husband." He added a thousand Jokes of the same Kind on what he called my Folly and Credulity.

Credulity. At last, as I continued silent, he proceeded to tell me, that, according to his Calculation of the Time that had elapsed since my Departure from *Amiens*, *Manon* had loved me about twelve Days; “for,” added he, “I know that you “left *Amiens* the Twenty-eighth of last “Month; it is now the Twenty-ninth “of this; it is eleven Days since M. *Bontemps* wrote to me; I suppose that he “was eight in gaining your Mistress’s “good Graces; so, if you take eleven “and eight from thirty-one Days, the “Distance of Time between the Twenty- “eighth of one Month, and the Twenty- “ninth of another, there remain twelve, “a little more or less.” This was followed again by repeated Shouts of Laughter. I heard all this with a Flutter of Spirits which I feared I should not be able to check, till this sad Comedy was over. “Know then,” resumed my Father, “since you are “ignorant of it, that M. *Bontemps* has “gained

“gained your Princess’s Heart ; for it is
“ridiculous in him to pretend to persuade
“me that a disinterested Zeal for my
“Service has induced him to take her
“from you. It is likely indeed, that
“such a Man as he, with whom, besides,
“I have no Acquaintance, should dis-
“cover Sentiments so noble. He has
“learned from her that you are my Son,
“and in order to get rid of your Im-
“portunities, he acquainted me by
“Letter with the Place of your Abode,
“and the Irregularity of your Life,
“and gave me to understand that it
“would be necessary to secure you by
“Force. He offered to furnish me with
“an easy Method of taking you Prisoner,
“and it was by his Direction, and that
“of your Mistress herself, that your
“Brother found an Opportunity of
“taking you unawares. Now, con-
“gratulate yourself on the Length of
“your Triumph. You know how to
“conquer, Chevalier, with sufficient
VOL. I. D “Rapidity,

“Rapidity, but you know not how
“to secure your Conquests.”

I had not Strength enough to support any longer Discourse, every Word of which had pierced me to the Heart. I rose from Table, and before I had taken four Steps, in order to go out of the Hall, I fell down senseless on the Floor. I was brought to myself by speedy Applications. I opened my Eyes to shed a Torrent of Tears, and my Mouth to utter the most sorrowful and affecting Complaints. My Father, who had always tenderly loved me, made use of all his Affection to give me Comfort. I heard him, but without understanding him. I fell at his Feet, I conjured him, clasping my Hands, to suffer me to return to *Paris*, that I might stab *Bontemps*. “No,” said I, “he has
“not gained *Manon’s* Heart, he has
“offered her Violence; he has seduced
“her, by a Charm or by Poison, perhaps
“he

“ he has brutally forced her. *Manon*
“ loves me ; am I not thoroughly
“ convinced of it ? He must have
“ threatened her, with a Poignard in his
“ Hand, in order to oblige her to
“ forsake me. What must he not have
“ done to rob me of so charming a
“ Mistress ? O Gods ! Gods ! is it
“ possible that *Manon* could betray me,
“ and cease to love me ? ” As I always
talked of returning speedily to *Paris*,
and was every Moment preparing for it,
my Father was convinced, that, trans-
ported as I was, nothing would be able
to stop me. He therefore conducted me
into an upper Room, where he left two
Servants with me who were not to lose
Sight of me. I was not Master of
myself. I would have given a thousand
Lives only to have been one Quarter of
an Hour at *Paris*. I was sensible, that
as I had declared myself so openly, I
should not easily be suffered to go out of
my Chamber. I measured with my Eyes

the Height of the Windows. Seeing no Possibility of escaping from thence, I applied myself civilly to my two Attendants. I bound myself by a thousand Oaths to make their Fortunes, if they would consent to my Escape. I intreated, I carested, I threatened them; but still the Attempt was fruitless. I then lost all Hope. I resolved to die, and threw myself on the Bed with a Design never to quit it with Life. I passed the Night and the Day following in that Situation. I refused the Nourishment that was brought me the Day after. In the Afternoon my Father came to see me. He had the Goodness to sooth my Sufferings by the tenderest Consolations. He commanded me so positively to eat, that I complied, out of Respect to his Orders. Some Days passed during which I took nothing but in his Presence and in Obedience to him. He constantly endeavoured by Reasoning to restore me to my Senses,
and

and to inspire me with Contempt for the faithless *Manon*. Certain it is, that I no longer esteemed her; how should I esteem the most fickle and perfidious of Beings? But her Image, her charming Features, which were deeply imprinted on my Heart, always remained there. "I may die," said I, "nay, I ought, after so much Shame and Grief, but I could suffer a thousand Deaths without being able to forget the ungrateful *Manon*."

My Father was surprised to see me always so greatly affected. He knew my Notions of Honour, and not doubting but that her Treachery would make me despise her, he imagined that my Constancy was less owing to that particular Passion than to a general Inclination for Women. He was so wedded to this Opinion, that, consulting only his tender Affection, he came one Day to make me a Proposal. "Chevalier," said he, "I have hitherto intended to make you

“ bear the Cross of *Malta*, but I see that
“ your Inclinations are turned another
“ Way. You are fond of pretty
“ Women. I advise you to look out
“ for one that you like. Tell me
“ frankly what you think of this ?” I
answered, that all Women were now
alike to me, and that, since the Mis-
fortune that had just befallen me, I
equally detested them all. “ I’ll find you
“ one,” replied my Father, smiling,
“ who shall resemble *Manon*, and who
“ will be more constant.” “ Ah ! Sir,
“ if you have any Regard for me,” said
I, “ it is she who must be restored to me.
“ Be assured, my dear Father, that she
“ has not betrayed me, she is not capable
“ of such Baseness. It is the perfidious
“ *Bontemps*, who has deceived us all, you
“ and her and me. If you knew how
“ tender and sincere she is, if you were
“ acquainted with her, you yourself
“ would be in Love with her.” “ You
“ are a Child,” replied my Father.
“ How

“ How can you be so blind, after what
“ I have told you ? It was she herself
“ who delivered you up to your Brother.
“ You ought to forget her very Name,
“ and to avail yourself, if you are wise,
“ of the Indulgence I shew you.” I was
well convinced that he was in the right.
Was it an involuntary Impulse that thus
made me take the Part of my Traiteurs ?
“ Alas !” said I, after a Moment’s
Silence, “ it is too true, that I am the
“ Victim of the blackest Perfidy. Yes,”
(continued I, shedding Tears through
Vexation,) “ I see clearly that I am only
“ a Child. My Credulity has given
“ them little Trouble to impose upon
“ it. But I am determin’d what to do by
“ Way of Revenge.” My Father would
know what I designed. “ I’ll go to
“ *Paris*,” said I, “ I’ll set Fire to *Bontemps’s*
“ House, and I’ll burn him alive along
“ with the faithless *Manon*.” This Trans-
port made my Father laugh, and only
occasioned

occasioned my being more closely guarded in my Prison.

I passed there six whole Months, during the first of which, there was little Change in my Disposition. All my Thoughts were continually fluctuating between Love and Hatred, Hope and Despair, just as the Idea of *Manon* presented itself to my Mind. Sometimes I considered her as the most amiable of her Sex, and was languishing with Desire to see her again; at other Times, I could perceive in her nothing but Baseness and Treachery, and made a thousand Vows to seek her only to punish her. They furnished me with Books, which helped to render my Mind a little tranquil. I read all my Authors over again. I acquired new Knowledge. I took an infinite Liking to Study, and in the Sequel it had its Use. The new Lights, which I had acquired from Love, cleared up to me many Passages in

Horace

Horace and *Virgil*, which before I had thought obscure. I made an amorous Commentary on the fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, which I once had Thoughts of publishing. "Alas!" said I, while I was writing it, "the faithful *Dido* must have had a Heart like mine."

Tiberge came to visit me one Day in my Prison; I was surpris'd at the Transport with which he embraced me. I had never yet had any Proofs of his Affection that could make me look upon it in any other Light than that of a mere College Friendship, such as is usual among young People of much the same Age. I found him so altered and so improved in the five or six Months, which I had pass'd without seeing him, that his Figure, and the Tenor of his Discourse, inspir'd me with some Respect. He talk'd to me like a wise Counsellor, rather than like a College Friend. He bewail'd the Error that I had committed.

He

He congratulated me on my Cure, which he thought in great Forwardness, and advised me to take Occasion from that youthful Foible to open my Eyes to the Vanity of Pleasure. I looked at him with Astonishment. He perceived it. "My dear Chevalier," said he, "I tell
"you nothing but what is strictly true,
"and of which I myself am convinced
"by a serious Examination. I had as
"great a Turn for Pleasure as yourself ;
"but Heaven had at the same time given
"me a Taste for Virtue. I made Use of
"my Reason to compare the Fruits of
"one and of the other, and it was not
"long before I perceived their Difference.
"The Assistance of Heaven was added
"to my own Reflections. I conceived
"a Contempt for the World that has
"scarce been equalled. Guess what
"detains me in it, and what prevents
"me from going into Retirement !
"Nothing but my tender Friendship
"for you. I know the Excellence of
"your

“ your Heart, and of your Mind : There
“ is no good Action of which you might
“ not be capable. The Poison of
“ Pleasure has led you astray. What
“ a Loss to the Cause of Virtue ! Your
“ Flight from *Amiens* gave me such
“ Concern, that I have not since had
“ one Moment’s Satisfaction. Judge
“ of it by the Steps which it made me
“ take.” He then told me, that, on
finding I had deceived him, and was
gone off with my Mistress, he got on
Horseback in order to follow me ; but
that, as I had four or five Hours the
Start of him, it was impossible for him
to overtake me ; that, nevertheless,
he arrived at *St Denis*, but half an Hour
after I had left it ; that being very sure
that I should stay at *Paris*, he had
passed six Weeks there in seeking me,
but to no Purpose ; that he went to all
the Places where there was any Likeli-
hood of his finding me ; and that, at
last, he one Day discovered my Mistress
at

at the Play; that she there made such a brilliant Appearance, that he imagined she owed that Splendor to some new Lover; that he followed her Coach home, and was told by a Servant, that she was supported by the Generosity of M. *Bontemps*. "I was not contented," said he, "with that. I returned thither the next Day, in order to learn from herself what was become of you. She left me abruptly as soon as I mentioned you, and I was forced to return into the Country without any farther Intelligence. I there heard of your Adventure, and of the great Trouble it had occasioned you: I would not visit you till I was sure to find you more composed,"

"Then you have seen *Manon*," said I, sighing. Alas! you are happier than I, who am doomed never to see her more." He reproached me for that Sign, which was a Sign of some Weakness

Weakness still remaining. He complimented me so artfully on the Goodness of my Character and Disposition, that in that first Visit he raised in me a strong Desire to renounce, like him, the Pleasures of the World, and to enter into Holy Orders. I was so charmed with that Idea, that when I was left alone, I thought of nothing else. I recollected the Discourse of the Bishop of *Amiens*, who had given me the same Advice, and the happy Presages that he had formed in my Favour, if I had followed it. Piety also had some Share in my Consideration. "I shall lead," said I, "a simple and christian Life, "I shall be wholly engrossed by Study "and Religion, which will not allow "me to think of the dangerous Pleasures "of Love. I shall despise that which "the Generality of Mankind admire; "and as I am well convinced that my "Heart will desire nothing but what it "esteems, I shall also have as few
"Troubles

46 *The HISTORY of the*

“ Troubles as Desires.” I even formed, before-hand, a Plan of a peaceable, retired Life, and imagined to myself a lonely House, with a Grove and a Stream of clear Water at the End of the Garden; a Library composed of select Books; a small Circle of virtuous, sensible Friends; a good, but frugal and temperate, Table. To this I added, a Correspondence by Letter with a Friend who should live at *Paris*, and who should acquaint me with public News; not so much to satisfy my Curiosity as to divert me with the foolish Disturbances of the World. “ Shall I not be happy,” said I? “ Will “ not all my Desires be gratified?” Certain it is, that this Project highly flattered my Inclinations; but, after all, I perceived that my Heart still wanted something more, and that I might have nothing to desire in the most delightful Solitude, *Manon*, I found, must be my Companion.

Tiberge,

Tiberge, however, continuing to make me frequent Visits, for the Purpose above mentioned, I took Occasion to propose it to my Father. He declared, that his Design was to leave his Children at full Liberty in the Choice of their Professions, and that, in whatever Manner I should dispose of myself, he would only reserve the Right of assisting me with his Advice : and the Advice that he gave me, which was excellent, tended rather to confirm me in my Project than to dissuade me from it. Term-time now approached. *Tiberge* and I agreed to go together to the Seminary of St. *Sulpice* ; he to finish his Studies in Divinity, and I to begin mine. His Merit, which was known to the Bishop of the Diocese, occasioned his being preferred by that Prelate to a considerable Benefice before our Departure.

My Father, believing me entirely cured of my Passion, made no Objection
to

to my going. The Cross of *Malta* gave Place to a Clerical Habit, and the Name of the Chevalier *Des Grieux* to that of Abbé. I applied myself to my Studies with such Affiduity, that I made an extraordinary Progress in a few Months. I devoted to them some Part of the Night, and did not lose a Moment of the Day. My Reputation was so established, that I was already congratulated on the Dignities which I could not fail to obtain, and, without Sollicitation, my Name was put on the List of Benefices. Nor was Religion in the least neglected. I was extremely zealous in all my Exercises. *Tiberge* was charmed with this, which he considered as his own Work, and I have seen him frequently shed Tears while he applauded himself for what he called my Conversion. That human Resolutions are apt to vary has never surprised me; one Passion gives them Rise, another may overthrow them; but when I think of the Sanctity
of

of those which carried me to *St. Sulpice*, I am terrified at the Ease with which I could break them. I imagined myself entirely freed from the Weakness of Love. Methought, I should have preferred the reading of a Page in *St. Augustine*, or a Quarter of an Hour's Christian Meditation, to all the Pleasures of the Senses, not excepting those which might have been offered me by *Manon*: Nevertheless, one unhappy Minute once more threw me from the Precipice, and my Fate was so much the more irrecoverable, as, again finding myself on a sudden at the same Depth from whence I before had risen, the new Disorders into which I plunged carried me farther towards the Bottom of the Abyfs.

I had passed almost a Year at *Paris* without making any Enquiry after *Manon*. The laying myself under this Restraint had at first cost me dear; but the ready and repeated Advice of *Tiberge*,

and my own Reflections, had made me obtain this Victory. The last Months stole away with such Tranquillity, that I thought myself on the point of eternally forgetting that charming but perfidious Creature. When the Time came of my keeping a public Act, in the Divinity-School, I desired several Persons of Consequence to honour me with their Presence. Thus my Name was mentioned in all Parts of *Paris*. It reached even the Ears of my Traitress. She did not recollect it with Certainty in the Disguise of Abbé; but some remaining Curiosity, or some Remorse for having betrayed me, I could never discover which made her interest herself for a Name that so much resembled mine; in short, she came to the *Sorbonne* * with some other Ladies. She was present at my Exercise, and,

* The College of *Sorbonne* was founded by *Robert* of *Sorbonne* (in *Champagne*) in 1250, and afterwards rebuilt by Cardinal *Richlieu* in 1629. This is esteemed the strictest College in *Europe*.

and, without Doubt, soon recollected me. I was not in the least apprised of this Visit. It is well known that there are in these Places private Closets for the Ladies, where they are concealed behind a Lattice. I returned to St. *Sulpice*, crowned with Glory, and loaded with Compliments. It was six o' clock in the Evening. Immediately after my Return, Word was brought me that a Lady desired to see me. I went directly into the Parlour. Heavens! what an amazing Apparition! I there found *Manon*. It was she; but more amiable and more brilliant than I had ever beheld her. She was now in her eighteenth Year. Her Charms surpassed every thing that can be described. Her Air was so delicate, so sweet, so engaging; it was the Air of Love itself! Her whole Figure appeared to me enchanting.

I remained thunderstruck at the Sight of her, and not being able to guess

what was the Intention of this Visit, with Terror and with downcast Eyes I waited till she explained herself. Her Embarrassment was for some Time equal to mine; but perceiving that my Silence continued, she held her Hand before her Face to hide some Tears, and, with a trembling Voice, confessed, that her Treachery deserved my Hatred, but that if it was true that I had always retained some Tendernefs for her, I had also been cruel in letting two Years pass without making any Enquiry after her, and that I was still cruel in seeing her appear before me in such a State without speaking a Word to her. The Disorder of my Soul on hearing this cannot be expressed. She sat down, I remained standing, my Body half averted, not daring to look full at her. I several Times began a Reply, which I had not Power to finish. At length, I made one Attempt to exclaim most bitterly; “Perfidious *Manon*! Ah! perfidious! “perfidious!

“perfidious!” She repeated, shedding a Torrent of Tears, that she did not mean to palliate her Perfidy. “What then dost thou mean?” I again exclaimed. “I mean to die,” she replied, “if you do not restore me your Heart, without which it is impossible for me to live.” “Then ask my Life, Traitors!” said I, bursting into Tears myself, which I strove in vain to suppress, “ask my Life, which is all that I have left to offer thee; for my Heart has always been thine.” I had scarce uttered these last Words, when she rose up with Transport in order to come and embrace me. She loaded me with a thousand fond Caresses. She called me by all the tender Appellations that Love invents to express its most pathetic Tenderness. Still I answered only with a languishing Look. In short, what a Transition from the Tranquillity which I had enjoyed, to those tumultuous Passions which I felt reviving? I was terri-

fied by them. I trembled like one who is overtaken by the Night in a distant Country: Every Thing seems to wear a different Aspect. He is seized with a secret Horror, from which he does not recover till he has long observed every Thing that surrounds him.

We sat near each other. I pressed her Hands in mine. "Ah! *Manon*," said I, with Sorrow in my Looks, "I did not expect the base Treachery with which you have repaid my Love. It was easy for you to deceive a Heart, of which you were absolute Mistress, and whose supreme Happiness was to please and obey you. Now tell me whether you have met with any so tender and so submissive? No, No; Nature has scarce cast them in the same Mould as mine. Tell me, at least, if you have now and then regretted it? What Dependence can I have on that returning Goodness which has this Day brought

“brought you to give me Comfort? I
“see too well that you are more charming
“than ever, but, by all the Torments
“which I have suffered for you, tell me,
“beautiful *Manon*, whether you will be
“more faithful?” She spoke, in Terms
so tender, of her Repentance, and she
answered for her Fidelity by so many
Protestations and Oaths, that she affected
me beyond Expression. “Dear *Manon*,”
said I, with a profane Medley of amorous
and theological Phrases, “Thou art too
“adorable for a Creature! All that is
“said of Free-Will at St. *Sulpice* is a
“Chimæra. I am going to lose for thee
“my Fortune and my Reputation; I fore-
“see it; I read my Destiny in those fair
“Eyes; but for what Losses will not
“thy Love console me? The Favours
“of Fortune affect me not, Fame
“appears to me a Vapour, all my
“Projects of a clerical Life were idle
“Conceits; in short, all Advantages,
“but those which I hope for with thee,

“are contemptible, since they could
“not for a Moment defend my Heart
“against one Look of thine.” Nevertheless, while I promised to bury her Faults in a total Oblivion, I would know by what Means she had suffered herself to be seduced by *Bontemps*. She told me, that having seen her at her Window, he fell desperately in Love with her; that he had made his Proposals like a true Farmer-General, that is to say, by signifying, in a Letter, that his Payments should be in proportion to her Favours; that she surrendered immediately, but without any farther Design than to draw from him a considerable Sum, on which we might be able to live with Comfort; but that he had dazzled her with such magnificent Promises, that by Degrees she had suffered herself to be corrupted; that, however, I might judge of her Remorse by the Concern of which she gave me Proofs the Evening of our Separation.

That

That notwithstanding the Opulence in which he had supported her, she had never been happy with him, not only because she did not experience (she said) in that Connection the Delicacy of my Sentiments, and the Agreeableness of my Behaviour; but because, even in the midst of those Pleasures, which he procured her without Intermission, she carried at the Bottom of her Heart the Remembrance of my Love, and Remorse for her own Infidelity. She mentioned *Tiberge*, and the extreme Confusion into which his Visit threw her. "A Dagger in my Heart," she added, "would have pained me less. I turned my Back upon him, without being able to support his Presence one Moment." She proceeded to tell me how she had been informed of my residing at *Paris*, of my changing my Profession, of my Exercises at the *Sorbonne*. She assured me that she was so agitated during the Disputation, that she had great Difficulty

Difficulty not only to suppress her Tears, but even her Groans and Cries, which more than once were on the point of bursting out. At length she told me that she stayed there till the last to conceal her Disorder; and that following only the Impulse of her Heart and the Impetuosity of her Desires, she came directly to the Seminary, with a Resolution to die there, if she did not find me inclined to forgive her.

Is there a Man so barbarous as not to have been touched with so lively and tender a Repentance? As for myself, I confess that I would have sacrificed for *Manon* all the Bishopricks in *Christianity*. I asked her, what new Regulations she would think advisable in our Affairs. She told me that we must immediately leave the Seminary, and discourse of them in a safer Place. I agreed, without replying, to every thing she proposed. She got into her Coach, intending

intending to wait for me at the Corner of the Street. I made my Escape the Moment after, without being seen by the Porter, and immediately joined her. We went to a Salesman's. I resumed my Lace and a Sword. *Manon* defrayed the Expence, as I had not a Farthing, for through Fear that I should meet with some Opposition to my leaving *St. Sulpice*, she would not let me return for a Minute to my Chamber to fetch my Money. Besides, my Finances were very low, and she was so enriched by the Bounty of *Bontemps*, as to despise such a Trifle. We conferred even at the Salesman's on the Course we should take. To induce me to set a higher Value on the Sacrifice which she made me of *Bontemps*, she resolved to keep no Measures with him. "I'll leave him his
 "Furniture," said she, "it is his own ;
 "but I'll carry off, as my Due, the
 "Jewels, and about sixty thousand
 "Livres, which I have drawn from him
 "within

“ within these two Years. I have given
“ him,” added she, “ no Authority
“ over me, so we may dwell without
“ Fear at *Paris*, and take a commodious
“ House where we may live happily to-
“ gether.” I represented to her, that,
though *she* might be in no Danger, it
would be very hazardous for *me*, who
could not fail, sooner or later, to be
known, and should be constantly
exposed to the Misfortunes from which
I had just escaped. She gave me to
understand that she should leave *Paris*
with Regret. I was so much afraid of
chagrining her, that there were no
Dangers which I would not have despised
to please her : Nevertheless, we thought
of a reasonable Expedient, which was to
hire a House in some Village not far
from *Paris*, from whence we could
easily go to Town, whenever we had a
Call of Business or of Pleasure. We
fixed upon *Cbaillot*, that being at no
great Distance. *Manon* went home
immediately

immediately. I waited for her at the little Gate of the Garden of the *Tuilleries*.* She returned, an Hour after, in a Hackney-Coach with a Girl who was her Servant, and some Boxes that held her Cloaths and every thing of Value that belonged to her.

We drove to *Chaillot*, without Delay. We lodged the first Night at the Inn, that we might have time to look out for an House, or, at least, a commodious Lodging. The next Day we met with one to our Mind. I concluded that my Happiness was then fixed immovably. *Manon* was all Sweetness and Complaisance. Her Attention to me was so delicate, that I thought myself too well recompensed for all my former Troubles.

As

* A Palace, on the Banks of the River *Seine*, built in 1564 by Order of *Q. Catherine de Medicis*, and much improved by *Lewis XIV.* It stands in a Place where Tiles were formerly made, called in *French Tiles*, from whence it had its Name.

As we had both of us acquired a little Experience, we reasoned on the Solidity of our Fortune. Sixty thousand Livres, which were all our Riches, could not last to the End of a long Life. Besides, we had no Inclination to retrench too much our Expences. Oeconomy was by no means *Manon's* principal Virtue any more than mine. The Plan which I recommended to her was as follows: "Sixty thousand Livres," said I, "may support us for ten Years. Two thousand Crowns will be enough for every Year, if we continue to live at *Chaillot*. We will there lead a decent but retired Life. We shall be at no Expence but for the keeping of a Coach, and the Entertainments and Diversions of *Paris*. We will lay ourselves under Restrictions! You love the Opera; we will go to it three Times a Week. As for Gaming, we will so limit ourselves, that our Losses shall never exceed ten Pistoles.

"In

“ In ten Years time some Alterations
 “ must, in all Probability, happen in
 “ my Family; my Father is old, he
 “ may die. I shall have Money, and
 “ we shall then have no other Fears.”
 This Regulation would not have been
 the most foolish Action of my Life, if
 we had been so wise as to have always
 observed it. But our Resolutions lasted
 scarce a Month. *Manon* was passionately
 fond of Pleasure. I was as fond of her.
 New Occasions of Expence presented
 themselves to us every Moment, and
 instead of regretting the Sums that she
 sometimes squandered away, I was the
 first to procure her every thing that I
 thought would please her. Even our
 residing at *Chaillot* began to be burthen-
 some to her. Winter approached, every
 one returned to Town, the Country was
 deserted. She urged me to take a
 House again at *Paris*; I would not agree
 to it; but that I might in some Measure
 satisfy her, I told her that we might hire a
 Lodging

Lodging there ready-furnished, and, that we would pass the Night there, whenever we stayed at public Places too late, as we went thither several Times in a Week ; for the Inconvenience of returning so late to *Cbaillot* was her Pretence for desiring to quit it. Thus we had Lodgings, at the same time, both in Town and in the Country. This Alteration soon threw our Affairs into the utmost Confusion, by giving Rise to two Adventures which were the Cause of our Ruin.

Manon had a Brother, who was a Lifeguardman. He had a poor Lodging at *Paris* in the same Street with us. He discovered his Sister by seeing her one Morning at her Window. He immediately hastened to us. He was a Brute, and had no Principles of Honour. He came into our Apartment, swearing horribly ; and as he was no Stranger to some of his Sister's Adventures, he
loaded

loaded her with Abuse and Reproaches. I had been gone out about a Minute; which, no Doubt, was a fortunate Circumstance for him, or for me, who was very little disposed to put up with an Insult. I did not return home till after he was gone. *Manon's* Dejection made me imagine that something extraordinary had happened. She acquainted me with the Vexation which she had just suffered, and with the brutal Threats of her Brother. I felt such Resentment, that I would immediately have taken Revenge if she had not prevented me by her Tears. While we were talking together on this Adventure, the Life-guardman re-entered the Room where we were, without the least Notice. I should not have received him so civilly as I did, if I had known him; but having accosted us with a smiling Countenance, he had Time to tell *Manon* that he was come to apologize to her for his Passion, that he thought she led a

diffolute Life, and that that Supposition had enraged him ; but that having learned who I was from one of our Servants, he had heard so advantageous a Character of me, that it made him desirous of being on good Terms with us. Though this Intelligence, which he had from one of my Footmen, was fulsome and extravagant, I received his Compliment with Civility, as I thought *Manon* would be pleased with it. She was delighted with seeing him disposed to a Reconciliation. We made him stay Dinner. In a few Minutes he grew so familiar, that having heard us mention our returning to *Chaillot*, he insisted on going with us. We were forced to give him a Place in our Coach. This was taking Possession ; for he accustomed himself to see us with so much Pleasure, that he soon looked upon our House as his Home, and in some Measure made himself Master of every thing that belonged to us. He called me his
Brother,

Brother, and, pretending brotherly Freedom, he took upon him to bring all his Friends to our House at *Cbaillot*, and to treat them there at our Expence. He furnished himself with rich Cloaths at our Cost, and engaged us to pay all his Debts. I was blind to this Tyranny, that I might not give Offence to *Manon*. Nor did I discover that I knew of her supplying him from Time to Time with considerable Sums. Indeed, being a great Gamester, he had the Honesty to return her Part of it, when Fortune favoured him. But ours was too small to answer for any Time such immoderate Expences. I was just on the Point of coming to an Explanation with him, in order to get rid of his Importunity, when a dreadful Misfortune spared me that Trouble by involving us in another which ruined us without Resource.

We had spent a Day at *Paris*, intending to lie there, as we frequently did. The

Maid-Servant, who, on these Occasions, was left alone at *Chaillot*, came the next Morning to inform me, that in the Night-time a Fire had broke out in my House, and that they had had great Difficulty to extinguish it. I asked her if our Furniture had been damaged? She answered, that the Confusion occasioned by the Multitude of Persons that came to her Assistance was so great, that she could be certain of nothing. I trembled for our Money, which was locked up in a little Cabinet. I flew to *Chaillot*, but to no Purpose. The Cabinet was gone. I then found by Experience, that one may love Money without being covetous. This Loss affected me so deeply, that I thought I should have been distracted. I immediately foresaw to what new Misfortunes I should now be exposed. Of these, Indigence was the least: I knew *Manon*; I was already too well convinced, that however faithful, and however attached she might be

to me, in Prosperity, there could be no depending upon her in Adversity. She was too fond of Affluence and Pleasure to sacrifice them for me. "I shall lose her," I cried. "Wretched Chevalier! you will then lose every thing that you love." This Idea threw me into such an Agitation, that I deliberated for some Minutes whether I had not better put a Period to all my Miseries by Death. However, I retained sufficient Prudence to examine first whether I had any Resource remaining. Heaven suggested a Thought to me which preserved me from Despair. I fancied that it would not be impossible for me to conceal our Loss from *Manon*, and that partly by Industry, partly by some Good Fortune, I might be able to maintain her so genteely, as to prevent her being sensible of Necessity. "I reckoned," said I, by way of Consolation, "that our twenty thousand Crowns would last us for ten Years; let us suppose that these ten

“ Years were expired, and that none of
 “ the Alterations that I expected had
 “ happened in my Family ; what should
 “ I do ? I do not well know ; but
 “ what hinders my doing now what I
 “ should do then ? How many Persons
 “ live at *Paris*, who have neither my
 “ Genius, nor my Endowments, and
 “ who, notwithstanding, are supported
 “ by their Talents, such as they are !
 “ Has not Providence,” added I,
 reflecting on the different States of Life,
 “ disposed things with great Wisdom ?
 “ Most of the Great and Rich are Fools ;
 “ that is evident to all who have the least
 “ Knowledge of the World. Now the
 “ Justice of this is admirable. If with
 “ their Riches they had also Genius,
 “ they would be too happy, and the
 “ rest of Mankind too miserable. The
 “ Endowments of Body and of Mind
 “ are bestowed on these as the Means of
 “ delivering them from Misery and
 “ Poverty. Some partake of the Riches
 “ of

“ of the Great by administering to their
“ Pleasures; they make them their
“ Dupes: Others contribute to their
“ Instruction, and endeavour to make
“ them honest Men; in this indeed they
“ seldom succeed; but that is not
“ intended by the Divine Wisdom: They
“ always reap the Fruit of their Labours,
“ which is to live at their Expence; and
“ in whatever Light we view it, the
“ Folly of the Rich and Great is an
“ excellent Revenue and Fund for the
“ Poor.”

These Reflections were of some Service both to my Heart and Head. I resolved to go immediately and consult M. *Lescout*, *Manon's* Brother. He was thoroughly acquainted with *Paris*, and I had too much Reason to think that it was neither from his private Fortune, nor from the King's Pay, that he drew his chief Revenue. I had scarce twenty Pistoles left, which happened luckily to be in my

F 4 Pocket.

Pocket. I shewed him my Purse, informing him of my Misfortune and my Fears, and I asked him if there was any Medium for me between dying of Hunger and knocking out my Brains in Despair? He replied, that knocking out ones Brains was the Resource of Fools. As for dying of Hunger, that there were many Men of Genius who were reduced to that when they would not employ their Talents; that it was my Business to examine of what I was capable; and that I might depend on his Assistance and Advice in all my Undertakings. "This is very vague, M. *Lescout*," said I; "my Necessities require a more immediate Remedy; for what would you have me say to *Manon*?" "Now you have mentioned *Manon*," replied he, "what is it that troubles you? Can you not, by her Means, put an End to your Uneasiness whenever you please? A Girl like her ought to support us all, herself,"
"and

“and you, and me.” He prevented my answering him in the Manner such Impertinence deserved, by proceeding to tell me, that he could insure me before Night a thousand Crowns to be divided between us, if I would follow his Advice ; that he knew a Nobleman, who was so generous in the Article of Pleasure, that he was confident that a thousand Crowns would be nothing to him for the sake of passing one Night with such a Girl as *Manon*. I stopped him short. “I thought better of you,” I replied. “I imagined that your Motive for offering me your Friendship was an Opinion of your Sister quite the reverse of what you now have.” He impudently avowed that his Opinion of her had been always the same, and that after having forfeited her Honour, as she had done, he should never have been reconciled to her but with the View of profiting by her bad Conduct. I could easily see that we had all along been his Dupes. Nevertheless, whatever

whatever Emotions I felt at this Discourse, I stood so much in Need of him, that I was obliged to answer him with a Smile, that his Advice was a last Resource, and that it ought not to be followed but in the utmost Extremity. I begged him to think of some other Expedient. He recommended to me the availing myself of my Youth, and of the personal Advantages which Nature had given me, to form a Connection with some generous, old Lady. I had as much Dislike to this Scheme, as it would have made me unfaithful to *Manon*. I mentioned Gaming to him, as an easier Method, and more suitable to my Situation. He said, that Gaming indeed was a Resource; but that required some Explanation; that the undertaking to play merely with common Chances was a sure Way to complete my Ruin; that the pretending to practise singly, and without being supported, the little Devices which the ingenious employ to correct Fortune, was
much

much too hazardous; that there was a third Method, which was that of a Confederacy; but that my Youth made him apprehensive that the Gentlemen-Confederates would not think that I had yet the Talents proper for such an Union. Nevertheless, he engaged to use his Interest with them, and, what I could not have expected from him, he offered me some Money whenever I found myself necessitous. The only Favour that I then asked of him was to take no Notice to *Manon* of the Loss that I had suffered, and of the Subject of our Conversation.

I went away from him still more dissatisfied than I came. I even repented of having entrusted him with my Secret. He had done nothing for me that I could not as well have received without that Discovery, and I was terribly afraid that he would not keep the Promise he had given me of not mentioning it to *Manon*. I had Reason also to fear, by the Declaration

tion he had made me of his Sentiments, that he had a Design of taking her Part by getting her away from me ; or at least, by advising her to leave me in order to attach herself to a more wealthy and more fortunate Lover. On this I made a thousand Reflections, which tended only to torment me, and to renew the Despair that I had felt in the Morning. I frequently thought of writing to my Father, and of pretending a new Reformation, in order to procure from him some pecuniary Assistance ; but I soon recollected, that, notwithstanding all his Goodness, he had confined me six Months in a close Prison for my first Offence ; and I was certain, that, after such a Noise as my Flight from St. *Sulpice* must have occasioned, he would treat me with much more Rigour. At length, this Confusion of Ideas gave Rise to one which instantly restored me to State of Tranquillity, and of which I was astonished that I had not thought before. This
was,

was, to have Recourse to my Friend *Tiberge*, in whom I was well assured I should always find the same Zeal and Friendship. Nothing is more worthy of Admiration, or does more Honour to Virtue, than the Confidence with which we apply to Persons, with whose Probity we are perfectly acquainted ; as there, we are sensible, we run no Risk. If they are not always in a Situation to offer their Assistance, we are sure, at least, of obtaining their Good Will and Compassion. The Heart which carefully closes itself from the rest of the World naturally expands in their Presence, as a Flower blows in the Light of the Sun, from which it expects a kind and salutary Influence.

My thinking so seasonably of *Tiberge* seemed to me as a Token of the Protection of Heaven, and I determined to find Means of seeing him even before the Day was over. I returned home immediately

mediately, in order to write to him, and to appoint him a Place proper for our Meeting. I recommended to him Silence and Discretion, as the most important Services he could do me in the present Situation of my Affairs. The Joy with which the Hope of seeing him inspired me, effaced the Impressions of Chagrin which *Manon* would inevitably have perceived in my Countenance. I mentioned to her our Misfortune at *Chaillot* as a Trifle which ought not to alarm her, and as *Paris* was of all the World the Place that gave her most Pleasure, she was not sorry to hear me say, that it was proper for us to remain there till some slight Damages, that the Fire had occasioned at *Chaillot*, were repaired. An Hour after, I received an Answer from *Tiberge*, in which he promised to be at the Place of Appointment. I ran thither with Impatience. Nevertheless, I felt some Shame at going to appear before the Eyes of a Friend,
whose

whose Presence alone would be a Reproach to my Irregularities; but the Opinion that I entertained of the Goodness of his Heart, and the Interest of *Manon*, kept up my Courage. I had begged him to be in the Garden of the *Palace Royal*.* He was there before me. He came to embrace me as soon as he saw me. He held me a long time locked in his Arms, and I found my Face wet with his Tears. I told him that I appeared before him not without Confusion, and that I carried in my Heart a lively Idea of my Ingratitude; that first, I conjured him to inform me, if I was still allowed to consider him as my Friend, after having so justly deserved to lose his Esteem and Affection? He answered me, in the tenderest and most artless Manner, that nothing could make him

* So called from *Lewis XIV's* being educated there when young. It was formerly styled *Le Palais Cardinal*, being built by Cardinal Richlieu in 1636.

him renounce that Character ; that even my Misfortunes, and, if I would give him Leave to say so, my Faults and my Irregularities, had redoubled his Tenderness for me ; but that it was a Tenderness mixed with the deepest Concern, such as we feel for one who is dear to us, when we see him on the Brink of Destruction without being able to save him. We sat down together on a Bench. " Alas !" said I, with a Sigh heaved from the Bottom of my Heart, " your " Compassion, my dear *Tiberge*, must " be unbounded, if, as you assure me, it " is equal to my Distresses. I am ashamed " to let you see them ; for their Cause, I " must confess, is by no means glorious ; " but their Effect is so grievous, that it " is not necessary for you to love me as " you do, in order to be melted by them." He desired me, as a Proof of Friendship, to tell him, without Disguise, what had happened to me since my Departure from *St. Sulpice* ? I complied, and instead
of

of suppressing the Truth in the least, or extenuating my Faults to make them appear more excusable, I talked to him of my Passion with all the Vehemence with which it inspired me. I gave him a lively Idea of my Agitation, of my Fears, of the Despair that involved me two Hours before I saw him, and in which I should again be involved, if I was abandoned by my Friends as cruelly as by Fortune; at length, I so affected the good *Tiberge*, that I saw him as much moved by Compassion as I was by the Recollection of my Distresses. He ceased not to embrace me and to exhort me to take Courage and Consolation; but as he all along supposed that it was necessary for me to separate from *Manon*, I plainly let him know, that I looked upon that Separation itself as the greatest of my Misfortunes, and that I was ready to suffer not only the utmost Degree of Misery, but even the most cruel Death, rather than receive a

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Cure

Cure more insupportable than every other Evil. "Then," said he, "explain
" yourself; what kind of Assistance can
" I possibly give you, if you will list-
" en to none of my Proposals?" I
dared not reply that "what I wanted
" was his Purse." At last however he
perceived it, and having owned that he
thought he understood me, he remained
some Time in Suspence like one who is
doubtful. "Think not," he soon re-
plied, "that my Reverie proceeds from
" an Abatement of Zeal and Friend-
" ship; but from the Alternative to
" which you reduce me, either of refu-
" sing you the only Assistance which
" you will accept, or of transgressing
" my Duty, by assisting you; for by
" enabling you to persevere in your
" Irregularities, shall I not partake
" of them? Nevertheless" (added he,
after a Moment's Reflection) "I imagine,
" that perhaps the Disorder into which
" Indigence has thrown you, may not
" have

“ have left you at Liberty to chuse the
“ better Part ; the Mind must be at Ease
“ before it can relish Truth and Wisdom.
“ I will find Means to furnish you with
“ Money. Give me Leave, my dear
“ Chevalier,” (continued he, embrac-
“ ing me) “ to annex only one Condi-
“ tion ; it is, that you will acquaint me
“ with the Place of your Abode, and
“ that you will allow me at least to use
“ my Endeavours to bring you back
“ to Virtue, which, I know, you love,
“ and from which nothing but the
“ Strength of your Passions has estrang-
“ ed you.” I granted sincerely all that
he asked. He conducted me immedi-
ately to a Banker of his Acquaintance,
who advanced me a hundred Pistoles on
his Note ; for he was far from having
so much ready Money. I have already
said that he was not rich. His Living
was worth two thousand Livres ; but as
this was the first Year of his having it,

he had not yet received any of his Income; he advanced me this on his future Profits.

I was sensible of the Value of his Generosity. It so affected me, that I deplored the Blindness of a headstrong Love which made me violate every Duty. Virtue for some Moments had Strength enough to struggle in my Heart against my Passion, and I perceived at least in that Dawning of Light the Shame and Disgrace of my Chains. But this Contest was slight, and lasted not long. The Sight of *Manon* would have made me leap from the Sky, and I was astonished, when I was again in her Company, at my thinking it for one Moment disgraceful to love so justly such an amiable Object.

Manon was a Creature of a most extraordinary Character. No Woman had ever less Regard for Money, yet she
could

could not have a Moment's Ease when she feared the Want of it. Without Pleasure and Pastimes she could not live. She would never have desired to touch a Farthing, if she could have had Diversions at Free-Cost. She made no Enquiry into the State of our Affairs, provided she could spend the Day agreeably, so that as she was not extremely fond of Gaming, nor of a Temper to love the Magnificence of large Expences, nothing was easier than the satisfying her, by providing her every Day with Amusements to her Taste; but it was so necessary for her to be thus engrossed by Pleasure, that without that there was not the least Dependence to be placed on her Humour, or her Inclinations. Though she loved me tenderly, and though I was the only one, as she voluntarily confessed, who could give her a perfect Relish for the Sweets of Love, I was almost sure that her Tenderness would not be proof against certain Apprehensions

G 3

prehensions. She would have preferred me, with a moderate Fortune, to all the World; but I made no Doubt but she would forsake me for some new *Bontemps*, when I had nothing left to offer her but Confidence and Fidelity. I determined therefore so to regulate my own Expences as always to have it in my Power to supply hers, and rather to deprive myself of a thousand Necessaries than to abridge her even of Superfluities. The Coach embarrassed me more than all the rest, for there was no Appearance of my being able to keep the Horses and a Coachman. I communicated my Uneasiness to M. *Lescant*. I had not concealed from him my having received a hundred Pistoles from a Friend. He repeated, that, if I would try my Luck at Play, he made no Doubt, but, by sacrificing with a good Grace a hundred Livres to treat his Associates, I might, by his Recommendation, be admitted into the League of Industry.

Industry. However averse I was to cheating, I suffered myself to be led away by Necessity.

M. *Lescant* introduced me the same Evening, as a Relation of his; he added, that I had the more Desire to succeed, as I had Need of Fortune's greatest Favours. However, to show them that my Distress was not that of a Man who was worth nothing, he told them that I intended to give them a Supper. The Offer was accepted. I treated them magnificently. They discoursed some Time on the Gentility of my Figure, and the Happiness of my Disposition. They pretended, that much was to be expected from me, because having something in my Countenance that looked like an honest Man, no one would be aware of my Artifices. At last, M. *Lescant* was thanked for having helped the Order to a Novice of my Merit, and one of the Knights was di-

rected to give me, for some Days, the necessary Instructions. The principal Scene of my Exploits was to be the Hotel of *Transylvania*, where there was a *Pharaob*-Table in the Hall, and several other Games of Cards and Dice in the Gallery. This Academy was kept at the Expence of his Highness the Prince of *R---*, who then lived at *Clegny*, and most of his Officers were of our Society. I soon availed myself of my Master's Lessons. Above all, I acquired great Dexterity in cogging a Die, in pocketing a Card, and, by the Help of a long Pair of Ruffles, I used such Palmistry as to deceive the most knowing, and to ruin without Affectation a great many fair Players. This extraordinary Skill so hastened the Improvement of my Fortune, that in a few Weeks I was Master of a considerable Sum, besides what I honestly divided among my Associates. I was then no longer afraid of discovering to *Manon*
our

our Loss at *Chaillet*, and, to console her for that melancholy News, I hired a ready-furnished House, where we settled ourselves with an Air of Opulence and Grandeur.

All this Time, *Tiberge* continued to make me frequent Visits. His Lessons of Morality were not yet over. He began again to represent to me incessantly the Wrong I did to my Conscience, my Honour, and my Fortune. I received his Advice with Friendship, and though I had not the least Inclination to follow it, I was obliged to him for his Zeal, because I knew its Source. Sometimes I rallied him agreeably even in the Presence of *Manon*; and I exhorted him not to be more scrupulous than the Generality of Bishops, and of other Priests, who know very well how to reconcile a Mistress with a Benefice. "Behold," said I, showing him the Eyes of mine, "and tell me if there
" can

“ can be Faults which so fair a Cause
“ might not excuse?” He commanded
his Temper to a certain Degree; but
when he found that my Riches increas-
ed, and that I had not only returned
him his hundred Pistoles, but having
hired a new House, and beautified my
Equipage, I was going to plunge my-
self again in Pleasure more than ever, he
altered entirely his Tone and his Beha-
viour. He lamented my Hardness of
Heart, he threatened me with the Ven-
geance of Heaven, and he forewarned
me of Part of the Calamities which not
long after befell me. “ It is impossi-
“ ble,” said he, “ that the Riches which
“ serve to support you in your Extra-
“ vagance, should have been gained
“ by honest Means. You have acquir-
“ ed them unjustly; in the same Man-
“ ner they will be ravished from you.
“ God’s most dreadful Punishment
“ would be the allowing you to enjoy
“ them with Tranquillity, All my Ad-
“ vice,”

“vice,” added he, “has been useless
“to you ; I too well foresee that it will
“soon be troublesome. Adieu, weak
“and ungrateful Friend ! May your
“guilty Pleasures vanish like a Dream !
“may your good Fortune and your
“Money perish without Resource,
“and may you be left alone and naked
“to perceive the Vanity of these Enjoy-
“ments with which you have been so
“foolishly intoxicated ! Then you will
“find me again inclined to love you
“and to serve you ; but now I break
“off all Connection with you, and I
“detest the Life you lead.” It was in
my own Apartment, in the Presence
of *Manon*, that he made me this A-
postolical Harangue. He rose up in
order to withdraw. I would have de-
tained him ; but I was prevented by
Manon, who told me that he was a Fool,
and that I must let him go.

His

His Discourse, however, failed not to make some Impression on me. But *Manon's* Caresses dissipated in a Moment the Uneasiness which that Scene had occasioned. We continued to lead a Life entirely composed of Pleasure and Love. *Venus* and *Fortune* never had Slaves more happy and more tender. Why is this World called a Place of Misery, when Delights so exquisite may there be tasted? But alas! the Misfortune is, that they vanish too soon. What other Happiness would one wish, if they were naturally to last for ever? But ours had the common Fate, that is to say, to last a short Time, and to be succeeded by bitter Remorse. My Winnings at Play had been so considerable, that I thought of putting out some of my Money. My Servants were acquainted with my Success; particularly my Valet-de-Chambre, and *Manon's* own Maid, before whom we
often

often conversed together without Mistrust. The Girl was handsome. My Valet was in Love with her. They had to do with a Master and Mistress who were young and easy, and whom they imagined they could deceive without Difficulty. They laid their Plot, and carried it into Execution so unfortunately for us, that they brought us into a Situation from which it was never possible for us to recover.

M. *Lescout* having one Night invited us to Supper, it was about Midnight before we returned Home. I called my Valet, and *Manon* her Maid; neither of them appeared. We were told they had not been seen in the House since eight o'Clock, and that they went out, after having sent away some Boxes, in pursuance of the Orders which they said they had received from me. My Fears anticipated Part
of

of what had happened; but I entertained no Suspicions which did not fall short of what I saw when I entered my Chamber. The Lock of my Closet had been broke open, and my Money taken away with all my Cloaths. While I was reflecting by myself on this Disaster, *Manon* came, in a great Fright, to inform me, that the same Ravage had been made in her Apartment. The Stroke appeared to me so cruel, that it was an extraordinary Effort of Reason that prevented me from giving myself up to Cries and Tears. The Fear of communicating my Despair to *Manon* made me affect an Air of Tranquillity. I told her, by way of Joke, that I would take my Revenge on some Dupe at the Hotel of *Transylvania*. However, she seemed so dispirited by our Misfortune, that her Sorrow contributed more to my Affliction than my dissembled Merriment did to the Abatement

ment of hers. "We are undone," said she, with Tears in her Eyes. I attempted in vain to console her by my Caresses. My own Tears betrayed my Despair and Consternation. In short, we were so absolutely ruined, that we had not a single Shirt or Shift left.

I resolved to send immediately for M. *Lescant*. He advised me to go instantly to the Lieutenant of the Police and the Grand Provost of *Paris*. * I went accordingly; but it was only to increase my Sorrows; for, besides that this Step, and those which were taken by those two Magistrates, came to nothing, I thereby gave M. *Lescant* an Opportunity of talking to his Sister, and of suggesting to her, during my Absence, an horrible Resolution. He mentioned to her M. *de Gramont*, an old Debauchee, who paid most lavishly

* A Magistrate who judges in criminal Matters, &c.

ly for his Pleasures, and showed her so many Advanrages that would attend her entering into his Service, that, disturbed as she was at our Disgrace, she listened and agreed to all his Persuasions. This honourable Bargain was concluded before my Return, but the Execution of it was deferred till the next Day, by which Time *Lescant* was to prepare *M. de Gramont*. I found him at Home waiting for me; but *Manon* was gone to Bed in her own Chamber, and she had ordered a Servant to tell me, that, being much fatigued, she begged me to leave her alone that Night. *Lescant* went away after having offered me some Pistoles, which I accepted. It was near four when I went to Bed, and having long considered with myself how to retrieve my Fortune, I fell asleep so late that I did not wake till towards eleven. I rose immediately in order to go and enquire after the Health of *Manon*.

I was

I was told that she went out an Hour before, along with her Brother, who had called her in a Hackney-Coach. Though such an Engagement made with *Lescart* seemed to me mysterious, I put a Force upon myself in order to suspend my Suspicions. I let some Hours pass, which I spent in reading. At length, being no longer able to suppress my Uneasiness, I walked very hastily about our Apartments. In *Manon's* I perceived a sealed Letter lying on the Table. It was directed to me, and in her Hand-writing. I opened it, shivering most dreadfully. It was in these Words :

“ *I swear to you, my dear Chevalier,*
“ *that you are the Idol of my Heart, and*
“ *that I can love no one in the World so*
“ *much as I love you ; but do you not see,*
“ *my poor dear Friend, that in the Situa-*
“ *tion to which we are reduced, Constancy*
“ *is a foolish Virtue ? Do you think that*
“ *we can be very affectionate, when we*
VOL. I. H “ *want*

“ want Bread ? Hunger would make me
 “ commit some fatal Error ; I should some
 “ Day breathe my last Sigh thinking that I
 “ breathed a Sigh of Love. I adore you ;
 “ on that you may depend ; but leave to me
 “ for some Time the Management of our
 “ Fortune. Woe to him who is going to
 “ fall into my Snares ! I labour to make my
 “ Chevalier rich and happy. My Brother
 “ will give you Intelligence of your Manon,
 “ and will tell you that she wept the Necess-
 “ sity that forced her from you.”

After I had read this, I remained in a
 State which would be difficult for me to
 describe ; for I know not, even to this
 Hour, by what kind of Sensations I was
 then agitated. It was one of those sin-
 gular Situations, of which one has never
 experienced the like ; one knows not
 how to explain it to others, because they
 have no Idea of it ; and one is at a Loss
 how to explain it to ones self ; because,
 being singular in its kind, it is connected
 with nothing in the Memory, and cannot
 even

even be joined to any known Sentiments. Be it as it may, of whatever Nature mine were, it is certain that there must have been a Mixture in them of Grief, Vexation, Jealousy and Shame. Happy ! if Love also had not still been one of them.

“ She loves me,” I cried, “ I will
“ believe, but must she not be a Monster
“ if she hated me ? What Title can ever
“ be had to a Heart, that I had not to
“ hers ? What remains for me to do
“ after all that I have sacrificed for her ?
“ However, she abandons me, and,
“ ungrateful as she is, she thinks to
“ shelter herself from my Reproaches by
“ telling me that she continues to love
“ me. She is apprehensive of Hunger :
“ What Grossness of Sentiments, and
“ how unsuitable to the Delicacy of mine !
“ I was not apprehensive of it, I, who
“ for her had so voluntarily exposed
“ myself to it by giving up my Fortune
“ and the Comforts of my Father’s
“ House ; I, who had abridged myself

“ even of Necessaries to satisfy her little
 “ Humours and Caprices. “ She adores
 “ me,” she says. Wretch ! if thou dost
 “ adore me, I well know who must have
 “ been thy Adviser ; at least thou wouldst
 “ not have left me without bidding me
 “ Adieu. It is I who must be asked
 “ what cruel Torments one feels in being
 “ parted from what one adores. No
 “ Man in his Senses would willingly
 “ make the Tryal.”

My Complaints were interrupted by a
 Visitor whom I did not expect. It was
Lescant. “ Villain,” said I, laying my
 Hand on my Sword, “ where is *Manon* ?
 “ What hast thou done with her ?” This
 Emotion of mine alarmed him ; he
 replied, that if I thus received him, when
 he came to give me an Account of the
 most considerable Service that he could
 do me, he would withdraw, and never
 set his Foot again in my House. I ran
 to the Chamber-Door, and carefully
 shut

shut it. “ Don’t imagine,” said I,
“ that, by returning to me, thou canst a
“ second time make a Dupe of me, and
“ impose upon me by Fictions. Thou
“ must fight for thy Life, or help me
“ to find out *Manon*.” “ Well, well,”
said he, “ how hasty you are ! That is
“ the only Occasion of my Visit. I come
“ to acquaint you with a Piece of good
“ Fortune of which you little think, and
“ for which possibly you will acknow-
“ ledge that you owe me some Obliga-
“ tion.” I desired to have it explained
immediately. He informed me, that
Manon, not being able to support the
Apprehension of Misery, and above all
the Idea of our being obliged soon to lay
down our Equipage, had begged him to
introduce her to M. *de Gramont*, who
had the Character of being very generous.
He took Care not to tell me that this
Advice was suggested by him, nor that
he had prepared the Way before he had
conducted her thither. “ I have carried

“ her to him this Morning,” continued he, “ and that good Man was so charmed
“ with her, that he immediately invited
“ her to his Country-House, where he
“ is gone for some Days. As for me,”
(added *Lescart*) “ who instantly saw how
“ advantageous this might be to you, I
“ cunningly gave him to understand that
“ *Manon* had suffered considerable
“ Losses, and I so piqued his Generosi-
“ ty, that he has begun by giving her
“ two hundred Pistoles. I told him that
“ this was handsome for the present ;
“ but that, for the future, my Sister
“ would be reduced to great Straits ;
“ that, besides, she had the Care of a
“ young Brother, who was left upon
“ our Hands after the Death of our
“ Parents, and that if he thought her
“ worthy of his Esteem, he would not
“ let her suffer in that poor Child, whom
“ she considered as Part of herself. This
“ Recital affected him ; he has agreed
“ to

“to hire a commodious House for you
“and *Manon*; for it is you yourself
“who are that poor, little, Brother, who
“is so much to be pitied; he has
“promised to furnish it for you in a
“proper Manner, and to allow you every
“Month four hundred good Livres, which,
“if I reckon right, will amount to four
“thousand eight hundred every Year.
“He left Orders with his Steward,
“before he sat out for the Country, to
“look for an House, and to get it ready
“against his Return. You will then
“see *Manon* again, who charged me
“to embrace you for her a thousand
“Times, and to assure you that she loves
“you more than ever.”

I sat down, reflecting on the strange
Situation of my Affairs. I found myself
so embarrassed and undetermined what to
do, that I remained a long Time silent
to a Number of Questions that *Lescart*
asked me, one after another. It was

at that Moment that Honour and Virtue made me again feel some Stings of Remorse, and that with a Sigh I looked back towards *Amiens*, towards my Father's House, towards *St. Sulpice*, and towards all the Places where I had lived in Innocence. By what an immense Space was I now separated from that happy State ! I saw it only at a Distance, as a Shadow which I still desired and regretted, but which was too faint to excite my Efforts. " By what Fatality," said I, " am I become so criminal ? " Love is an innocent Passion ; how is " it changed for me into a Source of " Misfortunes and Disorders ! What " hindered me from living peaceably and " virtuously with *Manon* ? Why did " not I marry her before I had received " any Tokens of her Love ? Would " not my Father, who so tenderly loved " me, have consented, if I had urged " him to it by reasonable Motives ? Ah ! " he himself would have cherished her " as

“ as an amiable Girl, well deserving
“ to be the Wife of his Son ; I should
“ then have been happy in the Love of
“ *Manon*, in the Affection of my Father,
“ in the Esteem of all good Men, in
“ the Gifts of Fortune, and in the
“ Tranquillity of Virtue. Dreadful
“ Reverse ! How infamous is the
“ Wretch who makes me this Proposal !
“ That I shall go to partake——But is
“ there any Doubt to be made, if
“ *Manon* has given these Directions, and
“ if, without this Complaisance, I shall
“ lose her ? *M. Lescout*,” cried I,
shutting my Eyes, as if to withdraw
myself from such uneasy Reflections,
“ if you intended to serve me, I return
“ you Thanks. You might perhaps
“ have taken a more honest Method ;
“ but every thing is agreed upon, is it
“ not ? Let us then only think for the
“ future how to profit by your Endeavours
“ and to complete your Project.”
Lescout, who had been embarrassed by my
Anger

Anger, and afterwards by my Silence, was charmed to see me act a Part quite different from what he had for some Minutes apprehended: He was far from being brave, of which I had afterwards still better Proofs. "Yes, Yes," he made Haste to reply, "'tis an excellent Piece of Service that I have done you, and you will see that it will be more advantageous to us than you imagine." We then contrived how we might obviate the Doubts, which *M. de Gramont* might entertain of our Relationship, by seeing me taller, and a little older, perhaps, than he expected. We could think of no better Method than to assume before him a simple and provincial Air, and to make him believe that I had a Design to enter into Orders, and that I went with that View every Day to College. We also agreed that I should be very ill dressed the first Time that I should have the Honour of waiting upon him. Five or six Days afterwards he returned

returned to Town. He himself conducted *Manon* to the House which his Steward had taken Care to have in Readiness. She immediately gave her Brother Notice of her Return, and he having informed me of it, we both went to her House. The old Paramour had just left it.

In spite of the Resignation with which I had submitted to her Desires, I could not suppress the Murmuring of my Heart at seeing her again. I appeared to her sorrowful and dejected. My Joy at recovering her did not entirely overcome my Chagrin at her Inconstancy. She reproached me for my Frigidity. I could not help letting the Words *false* and *perfidious* escape me, which I accompanied with as many Sighs. At first, she rallied me for my Simplicity; but when she perceived my Eyes still sorrowfully fixed upon her, and the Pain which it gave me to bear an Alteration so opposite

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posite to my Inclination and Desires, she went by herself into her Closet. I followed her in a Moment. I found her there all in Tears. I asked her what occasioned them? "You," replied she, "may easily guess; how do you expect me to live, if the Sight of me serves only to fill you with Melancholy and Chagrin? You have not given me one Embrace in the Hour that you have been here, and you have received mine with the Dignity of the *Grand Turk* in his Seraglio." "Hear me, *Manon*," answered I, embracing her. "I cannot conceal from you that my Heart is terribly afflicted. I mention not at present the Consternation into which I was thrown by your unexpected Flight, nor your Cruelty in abandoning me without speaking to me one Word of Consolation, and after having passed the Night in a separate Bed. The Pleasure of seeing you would make me forget more. But do you
" imagine

“ imagine that I can reflect without
“ Sighs and even Tears,” (continued
I, shedding some,) “ on the melancholy
“ and miserable Life that you would
“ have me lead in this House ? Let us
“ lay my Birth and my Honour aside ;
“ these slight Considerations should no
“ longer come in Competition with a
“ Love like mine ; but do you not
“ think that this very Love must grieve
“ to see itself so ill rewarded, I dare not
“ say treated so tyrannically, by an un-
“ grateful and cruel Mistress ?” “ Hold,”
said she, interrupting me, “ my dear
“ Chevalier ; ’tis useless to torment me
“ with Reproaches, which pierce me to
“ the Heart, when they come from you.
“ I see what hurts you. I hoped that you
“ wou’d have agreed to the Scheme which
“ I laid in order to retrieve a little our
“ Affairs, and it was from a Regard to
“ your Delicacy, that I began to carry
“ it into Execution without your Con-
“ currence ; but I give it up, since you
disapprove

“disapprove of it.” She added, that she only begged me to be a little complaisant, for the rest of the Day ; that she had already received from her old Gallant two hundred Pistoles, and that he had engaged to bring her in the Evening a handsome Pearl Necklace, with some Jewels, and, besides, one half of the Allowance which he had promised to make her every Year. “Give me only
“Time,” said she, “to receive his Presents, and I swear to you that he shall
“not have the Satisfaction of passing a
“single Night with me, for I have
“hitherto put him off till we returned
“to Town. He has indeed kissed my
“Hands above a Million of Times ; it
“is reasonable that he should pay for
“that Pleasure, and five or six thousand Livres will not be too much, if the
“Price be proportioned to his Riches
“and to his Age.”

Her

Her Determination was more agreeable to me than the Expectation of five thousand Livres. I had Reason to own that my Heart had not yet lost every Sentiment of Honour, since it was so pleased with avoiding Infamy. But I was born for transient Joys and lasting Sorrows. Fortune only saved me from one Precipice to make me fall down another. When I had shown *Manon* by a thousand Caresses how happy I thought myself in this Change, I told her that we ought to communicate it to M. *Lescart*, that so we might act in Concert. At first, he murmured at it, but the four or five thousand Livres in ready Money made him see the Force of my Arguments. It was then settled that we should all of us sup with M. *de Gramont*, and that for two Reasons ; the one, to divert ourselves with a pleasant Scene in making me pass for a Collegiate Brother of *Manon* ; the other, to prevent the old Libertine from being too free with my
Mistress

Mistress, by the Right which he might think he had acquired by paying so generously before-hand. *Lescout* and I were to retire when he went up to the Chamber, where he reckoned to pass the Night, and *Manon*, instead of following him, promised us to slip out and to come and pass it with me. *Lescout* undertook to have a Coach punctually at the Door.

Supper-time being come, *M. de Gramont* did not make us wait long. *Lescout* was with his Sister in the Parlour. The Old Man's first Compliment was the offering his Fair-one a Necklace, Bracelets, and Ear-rings, all of Pearls, worth at least an hundred Pistoles. Afterwards he counted out to her in good Louis d'ors the Sum of two thousand four hundred Livres, which was one half of her Annuity. He accompanied his Present with a Profusion of Compliments in the Taste of the last Age. *Manon* could not refuse him some Kisses; she acquired as many Titles

to

to the Sum which he put into her Hands. I was listening at the Door, where I waited till *Lescout* gave me Notice to enter. He came and took me by the Hand, when *Manon* had locked up the Money and Jewels, and leading me up to *M. de Gramont*, he ordered me to make him a Bow. I made him two or three down to the Ground. "You'll excuse him, Sir," said *Lescout*, "the Lad is quite a Novice. He is very far, as you see, from having the Airs of *Paris*, but we hope that a little Practice will polish him. You will often have the Honour of seeing this Gentleman here," added he, turning to me, "so make your Advantage of so good a Model." The old Lover seemed pleased to see me. He gave me two or three little Pats on the Cheek, telling me that I was a likely Boy, but that I ought to be on my Guard at *Paris*, where young People are easily led into Debauchery. *Lescout* assured him

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that I was of so grave a Turn that I talked of nothing but of being a Priest, and that all my Delight was to make little Shrines. "I think he is like his "Sister," said the Old Man, chucking me under the Chin. "Aye, Sir," replied I, with a foolish Leer, "that's because "our Flesh and Blood are so near a-kin; "so I love my Sister *Manon* like a "second self." "Do you hear him?" said he to *Lescart*. "He does not want "Wit. 'Tis a pity that this Lad has not "seen a little more of the World." "Oh! Sir," answered I, "I have seen a "great deal of it in our Churches, and "I fancy I shall find at *Paris* greater "Fools than myself." "See, see!" continued he, "this is admirable for a "Country-Boy." All our Conversation during Supper was much in the same Taste. *Manon*, who had Humour, had like more than once to have spoiled all by bursting out a laughing. I took Occasion, at Supper, to tell him his own Story,

Story, and the sad Catastrophe that threatened him. *Lescout* and *Manon* trembled during my Narrative, and above all, when I gave him his own Picture to the Life; but I was very sure that Self-Love would prevent his knowing it, and I finished it so cleverly, that he was the first to pronounce it truly ridiculous. At length, Bed-time approaching, he gave *Manon* a Hint to retire. *Lescout* and I took our Leave. He was conducted to his Chamber; and *Manon* having, on some Pretence, stepped out, came and joined us at the Gate. The Coach, which waited for us three or four Doors off, drew up to receive us. We were in a Moment far from that Quarter.

Though there was some Knavery in this Proceeding, this was not the Money that I looked upon as gained most unjustly. I had more Scruples about that which I had acquired by Gaming.

However, we made no more Advantage of the one than of the other, and Heaven permitted that the least atrocious of these two Faults should be the most severely punished. It was not long before *M. de Gramont* perceived that he had been cheated. I know not whether he took any Steps to discover us that very Night, but he had such Interest as to have them soon crowned with Success, and we such Imprudence as to depend too much on the Extent of *Paris*, and on the Distance of his Part of the Town from ours. He not only learned where we lived, and the present State of our Affairs, but also who I was, the Life that I had led at *Paris*, *Manon's* former Connection with *Bontemps*, the Trick that she had played him; in short, all the scandalous Parts of our History. He thereupon came to a Resolution of having us taken up and treated more like mere Libertines than Criminals. We were still in Bed when an Exempt
of

of the Lieutenant of the Police entered our Chamber with half a dozen Guards. They first seized our Money, or rather *M. de Gramont's*, and having very cavalierly made us rise, they conducted us to the Gate, where we found two Coaches; in one of which poor *Manon* was carried to the *Hospital-General*, * and myself in the other to *St. Lazare*. † A Man must have experienced such a Reverse to be able to judge of the Despair it occasioned. Our Guards had the Cruelty not to suffer me to embrace *Manon*, nor to speak a Word to her. I was a long time ignorant what was become of her. It was doubtless happy for me that I knew it not immediately, for such a dreadful Catastrophe would

I 3 have

* To this House (which answers to our *Bridewell*) all Beggars, dissolute Persons, &c. are sent. The sick are taken Care of, and they that are in Health are obliged to work. It was established in 1656.

† The House of the Fathers of the Mission of *St. Lazarus*. It was formerly a Hospital for Lepers, or *Lazar-house*, whence its Name.

have made me lose my Senses and perhaps my Life.

My unfortunate Mistress ther was conducted to the *Hospital*. What a Fate for a Creature every Way charming, who would have filled the first Throne in the World, if all Mankind had had my Eyes and my Heart! She was not there treated with Cruelty, but she was confined, by herself, in a close Prison, and condemned to furnish daily a certain Quota of Work, as the necessary Condition of her obtaining some loathsome Sustenance. I did not receive this melancholy Account till a long Time after, when I myself had passed many Months in a harsh and tedious Penance. My Guards not having informed me of the Place to which they had Orders to carry me, I knew not my Fate till we came to the Gate of St. *Lazare*. I should at that Moment have preferred Death to the Situation into which I thought myself

myself going to fall. I had dreadful Ideas of that House. My Fears were redoubled when my Guards, at going in, searched my Pockets a second Time, that they might be certain of my having no Arms nor Means of Defence left. The Superior came immediately, having been apprised of my Arrival. He accosted me with great Civility. "Father," said I, "no Insults, I beg. I'll lose a thousand Lives rather than suffer any." "Sir," replied he, "you'll behave discreetly, and we shall be satisfied with one another." He desired me to walk up Stairs. I followed him without Resistance. The Guards attended us as far as the Door, and the Superior there going in with me, he made Signs to them to retire.

"I am then your Prisoner," said I; "well, Father, what do you intend to do with me?" He told me that he was delighted to hear me talk so ration-

ally ; that *his* Duty, with respect to me, would be to endeavour to inspire me with the Love of Virtue and Religion, and it would be *mine*, to profit by his Advice and Exhortations ; that for the little Returns I might make to the Attention that he would show me, I should find only Pleasure and Satisfaction in my Retirement. “ Ah ! Pleasure ! ” replied I ; “ you know not, Father, the only thing “ that is able to give it me.” “ I understand you,” answered he, “ but I “ hope that your Inclinations will alter.” By his Reply I perceived that he was acquainted with my Adventures and perhaps with my Name. I desired him to explain himself. He then told me frankly that he had been informed of the whole. This Intelligence was the severest of all my Punishments. I burst into a Flood of Tears, and showed all the Marks of Despair. I was inconsolable for a Humiliation which would make me the common Talk of all my Acquaintance,

quaintance, and a Disgrace to my Family. Thus I passed eight Days in the deepest Sorrow, without being able to listen to any thing, or to employ myself with ought but my Shame. Even the Remembrance of *Manon* added nothing to my Grief. I felt it at least only, as a Sensation which had preceded this new Affliction, and the ruling Passion of my Soul was Shame and Confusion. There are few who know the Force of these peculiar Emotions of the Heart. The Generality of Mankind are affected only by five or six Passions, in whose Circle they pass their Lives, and to which all their Troubles may be reduced. Take away from them Love and Hatred, Joy and Sorrow, Hope and Fear, they feel nothing more. But Persons of a certain Character may be affected a thousand different Ways ; they seem, as it were, to have more than five Senses, and to be endowed with Ideas and Sensations that exceed the ordinary Bounds
of

of Nature. And as they have a Consciouſness of that Dignity which exalts them above the Vulgar, there is nothing of which they are more jealous. Hence it is that they bear with such Impatience Contempt and Derision, and that Shame is one of their strongest Passions.

I had this melancholy Advantage at *St. Lazare*. My Grief appeared to the Superior so immoderate, that, dreading the Consequences, he thought proper to treat me with great Tenderneſs and Indulgence. He viſited me three or four Times a Day. He frequently took me out with him to walk in the Garden, and he exhausted himſelf in Exhortations and ſalutary Advice. I received them with Good-nature, and even with Gratitude. This gave him ſome Hopes of my Conversion. He ſaid to me one Day, “ You
“ are ſo ſweet and amiable in your Diſ-
“ poſition, that I cannot account for the
“ Irregularities of which you are accuſed.
“ Two

“Two things surprise me; the one,
“that with such good Qualities you
“could give yourself up to an
“Excess of Libertinism, and the
“other, at which I wonder still more,
“how you can listen so readily to my
“Advice and Instructions, after having
“lived some Years in habitual Debauchery. If it be Repentance, you are
“a remarkable Instance of the Mercy of
“Heaven; if it be Goodness of Disposition, you have at least an excellent
“Fund of Moral Rectitude, which
“makes me hope that we shall have no
“Occasion to keep you here long in
“order to bring you back to an honest
“and regular Life.” I was delighted
to find that he had this Opinion
of me. I resolved to improve it by
a Behaviour that should entirely satisfy
him, convinced that this was the most
effectual Method to shorten my Imprisonment. I asked him for some Books. He
was surprised, when having allowed
me

me to select such as I chose to read, I fixed on some serious and Christian Writers. I pretended to follow my Studies with the utmost Application, and thus on all Occasions I gave him Proofs of the Change he desired.

This however was only an outward Appearance. I must confess it, to my Shame. I wore, at St. *Lazare*, the Mask of a Hypocrite. Instead of studying, my only Employment, when alone, was to repine at my Destiny. I cursed my Prison, and the Tyranny which kept me there. I had no sooner in some Measure got the better of that Agitation into which my Confusion had thrown me, than I was again harrassed by the Torments of Love. *Manon's* Absence, the Uncertainty of her Fate, the Apprehension of never seeing her more, were the only Subjects of my sorrowful Meditations. I figured her to myself in the Arms of M. *de Gramont*, for that was the

the Idea which I at first entertained, and instead of imagining that he had treated her just as he had treated me, I was persuaded that he had only sent me out of the Way in order to enjoy her without Interruption. Thus I passed the Days and Nights, whose Length appeared to me eternal. I had no Hopes but of the Success of my Hypocrisy. I carefully observed the Looks and the Discourse of the Superior, that I might be certain of what he thought of me, and I made it my Study to please him as the Arbiter of my Fate. It was easy to see that I was extremely in his good Graces. One Day I had the Courage to ask him, if it was on him that my Enlargement depended? He told me, that it was not absolutely in his Power; but that, on his Representation, he hoped that *M. de Gramont*, at whose Request the Lieutenant of Police had taken me up, would consent to my being set at Liberty. "May I not flatter myself," I meekly replied, "that two
" Months

“Months Imprisonment which I have
“already suffered, will seem to him a
“sufficient Atonement?” He promised
that he would mention it to him, if I
desired it. I begged that he would in-
stantly do me this good Office. Two
Days after, he informed me, that M. *de*
Gramont was so affected by the good
Character that he had heard of me, that
he not only seemed to have a Design of
setting me at large, but that he had even
testified a great Desire of being more
particularly acquainted with me, and
that he intended to make me a Visit in
my Prison. Though his Company
could not be agreeable to me, I looked
upon it as an Introduction to my ap-
proaching Liberty.

He really came to St. *Lazare*. He
appeared to me more serious and less silly
than he seemed at *Manon*'s. He talked
to me, sensibly enough, on my bad Be-
haviour, and he added, to justify, no
Doubt,

Doubt, his own Debaucheries, that the Weakness of Mankind was allowed to indulge itself in some Pleasures which Nature requires, but that Knavery and infamous Artifices deserved to be punished. I listened with a submissive Air, which seemed to satisfy him. I was not offended even at his rallying me on my Relationship to *Lescart* and *Manon*, and the *little Sbrines*, of which he supposed, he said, that I must have made a great Number at St. *Lazare*, as I took such Delight in that pious Occupation; but, unfortunately for him and for myself, he happened to say, that, without Doubt, *Manon* also must have made very pretty ones at the *Hospital*. In spite of the Terror which the Name of the *Hospital* occasioned me, I had still the Power to intreat him mildly to explain himself. “Aye, Aye,” replied he; “why she has been learning Discretion these two Months at the *Hospital-General*, and I wish she may have
“received

“received as much Benefit by it as you
“have at St. *Lazare*.”

If I had had an eternal Imprisonment, or Death itself, before my Eyes, I should not have been Master of my Passion at that dreadful News. I flew at him with such Fury that it deprived me of half my Strength. Nevertheless I had enough left to throw him on the Floor and to seize him by the Throat. I was just strangling him, when the Noise of his Fall, and some Groans which I scarce allowed him to utter, brought the Superior and several Monks into my Chamber. They rescued him out of my Hands. I myself had almost lost my Strength and my Breath. “O God,” cried I, heaving a thousand Sighs, “Justice of Heaven! Must I live “a Moment after such a Disgrace?” I would again have rushed on the Barbarian who had just assassinated me. They prevented me. My Despair, my Cries, and Tears were beyond Imagination. My Behaviour

was

was so astonishing, that all the Standers-by, who knew not the Cause, looked one upon the other with no less Terror than Surprise. Mean time *M. de Gramont* adjusted his Wig and his Cravat, and through Resentment for his having been so ill treated, he ordered the Superior to confine me more closely than ever, and to inflict on me all the Punishments that were usual at *St. Lazare*.

"No, Sir," replied the Superior; "we do not treat Persons of the *Chevalier's* Rank in that Manner. Besides, he is so good-natured and obliging, that I can scarce imagine that he would have gone such Lengths without very good Reasons." This Answer completed *M. de Gramont's* Confusion. He went away, saying, that he knew how to get the better of the Superior, and of me, and of all who should dare to oppose him.

The Superior having ordered his Monks to wait upon him, remained a-

K

lone

lone with me. He intreated me to tell him frankly the Cause of this Disorder. "O Father," said I, continuing to weep like a Child, "figure to yourself the most horrible Cruelty, the most detestable of all Barbarities; such is the Action which the unworthy *Gramont* has had the Baseness to commit. "Oh! he has wounded me to the Heart; I shall never recover it: I will tell you the whole," added I, sobbing; "you are good, you will pity me." I then gave him a short Account of my long and insurmountable Passion for *Manon*, of the flourishing State of our Affairs, before we were robbed by our own Servants, of the Offers made my Mistress by *Gramont*, of the Conclusion of their Bargain, and of the Manner in which it was dissolved. I did indeed represent Things in a Light the most favourable to us. "See," continued I, "to what Source M. de *Gramont*'s Zeal for my Conversion is
"owing!

“owing! He has had Interest enough to confine me here, merely out of Revenge: I forgive him; but alas! my Father, that is not all. He has occasioned my being deprived of the dearer half of myself; he has caused her to be sent disgracefully to the *Hospital*; he had the Impudence to tell me so to-day with his own Mouth. To the *Hospital*, Father, O Heaven! my charming Mistress, my dear Queen, to the *Hospital*, as the most infamous of all Creatures! How shall I have Strength enough to support so extraordinary a Misfortune without dying!” The good Father, seeing me in such extreme Affliction, undertook to comfort me. He told me that he had never understood my Story in the Manner in which I had related it; that he knew indeed that I had led a disorderly Life, but that he imagined that what had induced M. *de Gramont* to concern himself in it was some Tye of

Esteem and Friendship with my Family ; that he had never accounted for it in his own Mind but upon that Footing ; that what I had told him would occasion a great Alteration in my Affairs, and that he did not doubt but that the exact Representation, which he intended to make of it to the Lieutenant of the Police, would contribute to my Liberty. He asked me afterwards why I had not thought of writing to my Family, as they had had no Hand in my Imprisonment ? I obviated that Objection by some Reasons founded on the Concern I was fearful of giving my Father, and on the Shame which I should have felt myself. At length, he promised me to go immediately to the Lieutenant of the Police, “ were it only,” added he, “ to prevent “ any worse Consequences from M. de “ *Gramont*, who left this House highly “ disgusted, and who is too considerable “ not to be dreaded.”

I waited

I waited for the Father's Return with all the Agitations of a Wretch whose Doom is just approaching. The Idea of *Manon* at the *Hospital* was to me an inexpressible Punishment. Besides the Infamy of that Place, I knew not how she might be treated there, and the Recollection of some Particulars that I had heard of that House of Horror every Minute renewed my Torments. I was so determined to relieve her at any Rate, and by any Method that was possible, that I would have set Fire to St. *Lazare*, if I could not have got out of it by any other Means. I then considered what Steps I should take, if the Lieutenant of the Police should continue to keep me there against my Will. I put my Industry to the utmost Stretch; I thought of every Thing that was possible; but I saw nothing that could certainly insure my Escape, and I was afraid of being confined more closely, if I should make

an unsuccessful Attempt. I recollected the Names of some Friends from whom I might hope for Assistance ; but what Method could I take even to inform them where I was ? At length I thought I had formed a Plan so artful that it might succeed, and I deferred the settling it still better till the Superior's Return, if the ill Success of his Proceedings should make it necessary. It was not long before he came back. I saw not in his Looks those Signs of Joy which attend good News. " I have spoken," said he to me, " to the Lieutenant of the Police, but I spoke to him too late. *M. de Gramont* went to him when he left this Place, and has so strongly prejudiced him against you, that he was just going to send me fresh Orders to confine you more strictly. However, when I had apprised him of the true State of your Case, he seemed greatly to relent, and after laughing heartily at the Incontinence of old M.

“ *M. de Gramont*, he told me you must
“ be kept here six Months to satisfy him,
“ and so much the better (he said) as this
“ Abode cannot but be of Service to you.
“ He desired me to treat you civilly, and
“ I promise you, you shall not complain
“ of my Behaviour.”

This Harangue of the good Superior was long enough to give me Time to make a wise Reflection. I thought that my Designs would probably be defeated, if I betrayed too great an Eagerness for my Liberty. On the contrary, I assured him, that, obliged as I was to continue there, I found a pleasing Consolation in having some Share of his Esteem. I begged him afterwards without Affectation to do me a Favour which could be of no Consequence to any one, and which would contribute greatly to my Tranquillity; this was, to inform one of my Friends, a Reverend Clergyman, that I was at *St. Lazare*, and to

allow me now and then to receive his edifying Visits. This Request was granted without Scruple. *Tiberge* was the Friend I meant ; nor that I could expect from him the Assistance necessary to set me at Liberty ; but I was desirous of making him at a Distance instrumental to it, even without his knowing it. This, in short, was my Project. I wanted to write to M. *Lescant*, and to entrust him and our common Friends with the Care of my Deliverance. The first Difficulty was how to convey my Letter to him ; this was to be *Tiberge's* Employment. However, as he knew that *Lescant* was my Mistress's Brother, I was afraid that he would be unwilling to accept that Office. My Design therefore was to inclose my Letter to *Lescant* in a Cover addressed to a worthy Man of my Acquaintance, whom I would beg to deliver the inclosed immediately as directed ; and as it was necessary for me to see M. *Lescant*, that we might settle

settle our Plan of Operations, I intended to desire him to come to St. *Lazare*, and to ask for me under the Name of my eldest Brother just come to *Paris* on purpose to enquire into my Affairs. When we met, we would agree on such Methods as should appear to us the most expeditious and the most effectual. The Father-Superior let *Tiberge* know the next Day how desirous I was of his Company. That faithful Friend had not so far lost Sight of me as to be ignorant of my Story; he knew that I was at St. *Lazare*, and perhaps was not sorry at that Disgrace, as he hoped it might serve to bring me back to my Duty. He immediately hastened to my Room.

Our Discourse was full of Friendship. He would know the Disposition of my Mind. I opened my Heart without Reserve, excepting on the Subject of my intended Escape. "It is not in your Eyes, " my dear Friend," said I, " that I
" would

“ would appear different from what I
“ am. If you expected to find here a
“ Friend prudent and regular in his De-
“ fires, a Libertine awakened by the
“ Chastisements of Heaven, in short, a
“ Heart disengaged from Love, and re-
“ covered from the Charms of its *Manon*,
“ your Opinion of me has been too fa-
“ vourable. You see me again such as
“ you left me four Months ago, still
“ enamoured, and still miserable by
“ that fatal Tenderness in which I am
“ not tired with seeking my Felicity.”
He answered, that the Confession that
I made rendered me inexcusable; that
there are many Sinners who intoxicate
themselves with the false Happiness of
Vice, so as highly to prefer it to Virtue;
but that they attached themselves, at
least, to a Resemblance of Happiness,
and were deceived by Appearances; but
to acknowledge, as I did, that the
Object of my Attachment tended only
to render me criminal and wicked, and

to

to continue voluntarily to involve myself in Misery and Guilt, was such a Contradiction of Ideas and of Conduct as did no Honour to my Reason. “*Ti-berge!*” replied I, “how easily you can vanquish, when nothing opposes your Arms! Let me reason in my Turn. Can you pretend that what you call the Happiness of Virtue can be exempted from Pain, Disappointment and Anxiety? What will you style the Prison, the Cross, the Punishments and the Tortures of Tyrants? Will you say, with the Mystics, that what torments the Body is good for the Soul? You dare not say it; it is an insupportable Paradox. This Happiness then which you so extoll is mixed with a thousand Troubles, or, to speak more properly, it is only a Sea of Misfortunes through which we wade to Happiness. But if the Force of Imagination makes us be pleased with these Evils themselves,

“because

“ because they may lead to an happy
“ expected Event, why do you treat
“ my Behaviour, which is exactly the
“ same, as senseless and inconsistent ?
“ I love *Manon* ; I wade through a
“ thousand Troubles in order to enjoy
“ Peace and Happiness with her. The
“ Path in which I walk is indeed rugged,
“ but the Hope of arriving at my Jour-
“ ney’s End still makes it agreeable ;
“ and I shall think myself too well re-
“ warded by one Moment passed with
“ her, for all the Anxieties which I suff-
“ er to obtain her. Every thing there-
“ fore seems to me equal on your Side
“ and on mine ; or if there be any
“ Difference, it is still in my Favour ;
“ for the Happiness which I expect is
“ near, but the other is distant ; mine,
“ as is the Nature of Pain, is felt by
“ the Body ; the Nature of the other
“ is unknown, and is only ascertained
“ by Faith.”

Tiberge

Tiberge seemed startled at this Reasoning. He fell back two Steps, telling me, with a most serious Countenance, that what I had just said was not only an Insult on Good Sense, but was a miserable Sophism of Impiety and Irreligion; "for this Comparifon," added he, "of the End of your Troubles with that which is propofed by Religion, is a moft libertine and monftrous Idea." "I allow," faid I, "that it is not juft, but take Care; it is not on that, that my Reasoning depends. I had intended to explain to you what you confider as an Inconfiftency in the Perfeverance of an unfortunate Love, and I think I have very well proved that if it be one, you know not how to avoid it any more than I. It is in this refpect only that I have confidered thefe Things as equal, and I ftill maintain that they are fo. You reply that the Confequences of Virtue
are

“ are infinitely superior to those of Love.
“ Who denies it? But is that the Point
“ in Debate? Does it not turn on the
“ Strength with which both of them en-
“ able us to bear Pain? Let us judge
“ by the Effect. How many Deserters
“ are found from rigid Virtue, and how
“ few will you find from Love? Do
“ you again reply, that, if there are
“ Evils attendant on the Practice of Vir-
“ tue, they are not unavoidable and
“ necessary; that there are no longer
“ any Tyrants or Crosses, and that we
“ see many virtuous Persons who lead a
“ quiet and agreeable Life? In like
“ manner, I will tell you that there are
“ peaceable and fortunate Amours; and,
“ which still makes a Difference that
“ is much to my Advantage, I will add,
“ that Love, tho’ it is too often deceit-
“ ful, promises at least nothing but
“ Joy and Satisfaction; whereas Reli-
“ gion makes us expect Sorrow and
“ Mortification. Don’t be alarmed,”

added

added I, seeing his Zeal on the Point
of being chagrined ; “ all that I would
“ infer from hence is, that there cannot
“ be a worse Method to give a Man a
“ Distaste for Love than to decry its
“ Sweets, and to promise him more
“ Happiness in the Practice of Virtue.
“ From the Nature of our Frame it is
“ certain, that our Felicity consists in
“ Pleasure : I defy you to entertain any
“ other Idea of it. Now the Heart has no
“ Need of long Deliberation to perceive
“ that of all Pleasures the sweetest are
“ those of Love. It soon finds itself
“ mistaken in having expected Joys
“ more delightful any where else, and
“ this Mistake inclines it to distrust the
“ most serious Promises. Ye Preachers
“ who would bring me back to Virtue,
“ tell me that it is indispensibly necessary,
“ but do not conceal from me its being
“ severe and painful. Maintain that the
“ Pleasures of Love are transitory, that
“ they are forbidden, that they will be
“ followed

“ followed by eternal Punishments ; but
“ at the same Time confess, that, formed
“ as we are, they constitute our chief
“ Happiness here below !” This Conclusion of my Discourse put *Tiberge* again in good Humour. He allowed that there was some Reason in what I said. The only Objection that he added was to ask me, why I did not at least act up to my own Principles by sacrificing my Love to the Hope of that Recompence, of which I entertained so high an Idea ? “ My dear Friend,” replied I, “ it is
“ here that I am conscious of my own
“ Misery and Weakness ; yes, alas ! it
“ is my Duty to act as I reason ; but is
“ that in my Power ? What Assistance
“ should I not need to make me forget
“ the Charms of *Manon* ?” “ God forgive me,” said *Tiberge*, “ methinks I
“ again see one of our *Jansenists* !” “ I
“ know not what I am,” answered I,
“ and I am not certain what I shall be,
“ but

“ but I assent to the Truth of what they
“ say.”

This Conversation served at least to renew my Friend's Compassion. He was sensible, that in my Irregularities there was more Weakness than Wickedness. On that Account his Friendship was more inclined in the Sequel to lend me Assistance, without which my Distresses would infallibly have killed me. Nevertheless I gave him not the least Hint of my Design of escaping from St. Lazare. I only begged him to take Care of my Letter. I had got it ready before he came, and I did not want Pretences for being obliged to write it. He was very punctual in delivering it, and *Lescant* received that which was inclosed to him before Night. He came to visit me the next Day, and was readily admitted under the Name of my Brother. Great was my Joy on seeing him enter my Chamber, the Door of
L. which

which I carefully shut. "Let us not
 "lose," said I, "a single Moment ;
 "first tell me News of *Manon*, and
 "then give me good Advice how I shall
 "break my Fetters." He assured me
 that he had not seen his Sister since the
 Day before my Imprisonment ; that he
 did not learn her Fate and mine but by
 careful Enquiries ; that having been
 twice or thrice to the *Hospital*, he had
 been refused the Liberty of speaking to
 her. "Wretched *Gramont* !" cried I,
 "how dearly shalt thou pay for this !"

"As to your Escape," continued
Lescout, "it is an Enterprize not so
 "easy as you imagine. Two of my
 "Friends and myself passed Yester-even-
 "ing in observing the external Parts of
 "this House ; and we are of Opinion
 "that, your Windows looking into a
 "Court surrounded with Buildings, as
 "you have described it to us, it will be
 "very difficult to get you from thence.
 "Besides, you are in the third Story, so
 that

“ that we can introduce neither Ropes
“ nor Ladders. I see therefore no Re-
“ source from without ; you must think
“ of some Artifice in the House itself.”
“ No,” replied I ; “ I have made a
“ thorough Examination, especially
“ since my Confinement, by the Su-
“ perior’s Indulgence, has been less se-
“ vere. My Chamber Door is no long-
“ er locked. I am allowed to walk in
“ the Galleries of the Monks ; but all
“ the Stair-Cases are closed up with thick
“ Doors, which are kept carefully shut
“ Day and Night ; so that it is impos-
“ sible for Address alone to save me :
“ Hark ! ye,” added I, after having
a little reflected on a Thought which ap-
peared to me excellent, “ could you
“ bring me a Pistol ?” “ With Ease,”
said *Lescart* ; “ but would you murder
“ any one ?” I assured him that I was
so far from intending Murder, that it
was not even necessary for the Pistol to
be charged. “ Bring it me to morrow,”

continued I, "and fail not to be your-
self at eleven the same Night over a-
gainst the Gate of this House with
two or three of our Friends. I hope
that I shall be able to join you there."
He urged me, but in vain, to tell him
more. I said that such an Enterprize as
I was meditating could not seem feasible
till after it had succeeded. I begged
him to shorten his Visit, that he might
have the less Difficulty in seeing me a-
gain the next Day. Accordingly he
was admitted with as little Trouble as
he was at first; his Deportment was
grave; any one would have taken him
for an honest Man.

When I found myself armed with
the Instrument of my Freedom, I had
scarce any Doubt of succeeding in my
Project. It was strange and daring; but
of what was I not capable, animated by
such Motives? Since I had been allow-
ed to go out of my Chamber, and to
walk

walk in the Galleries, I had observed that the Porter brought the Keys of all the Doors to the Superior every Evening, and that afterwards the profound Silence which reigned in the House showed that every one was gone to Rest. I could pass without Obstruction by a Gallery of Communication from my Chamber to the Father's. My Intention was to take the Keys from him by terrifying him with my Pistol, if he made a Difficulty of delivering them, and by that Means to gain the Street. I was impatient till the Hour arrived. The Porter came at the usual Time, that is to say, a little after nine. I waited another Hour, that I might be certain that all the Monks and the Servants were asleep. At length, I set out with my Weapon and a lighted Candle. At first, I knocked gently at the Father's Door, that I might wake him without Noise. He heard me at the second Knock, and, imagining without doubt that

it was some Monk who was taken ill, and wanted Assistance, he got up to let me in. Nevertheless he had the Precaution to ask from within, who I was, and what I wanted with him? I was obliged to tell him who I was, but I affected a plaintive Accent, to make him understand that I found myself out of Order. "Ha! is it you, my dear " Son," said he, while he opened the Door; "what brings you here so late?" I entered his Chamber, and having drawn him to the farther End of it, I assured him that it was impossible for me to stay any longer at *St. Lazare*; that Night was the proper Time for leaving it without being seen; and that I expected from his Friendship that he would consent to open the Doors for me, or to lend me the Keys to open them myself.

Such a Compliment could not but surprise him. He remained some Time observing

observing me, without making any Reply. As I had none to lose, I proceeded to tell him, that I was highly sensible of all his Goodness, but that Liberty being the most valuable of all Blessings, especially to me, who had been unjustly deprived of it, I was determined to regain it that very Night, whatever it might cost me; and lest he should raise his Voice to call for Assistance, I showed him a sufficient Reason for Silence which I held under my Waistcoat. "A Pistol!" cried he; "how, my Son! would you "take away my Life in Return for the "Kindness I have shown you?" "God "forbid!" answered I. "You have "too much Sense and too much Reason "to reduce me to that Necessity; but I "will be free, and of this I am so resolved, that if my Project should fail by "your Means, you are infallibly a dead "Man." "But, my dear Son," replied he, with a pale and trembling Aspect, "what have I done to you? what

“Reason have you to desire my Death ?
“None, none,” I answered with Impatience ; “I have no Design to kill
“you, if you chuse to live : Open the
“Gate to me, and I am the best Friend
“you have.” Seeing the Keys which lay
on the Table, I took them up, and
begged him to follow me, making as
little Noise as was possible. He was
forced to comply. As we were proceeding, and while he was opening one
Door, he repeated with a Sigh, “Ah !
“my Son. Who would ever have
“thought it ?” I, on my Part, repeated
every Moment, “No Noise, Father !”
At length we came to a kind of Barrier,
which is before the great Gate of the
Street. I then thought myself safe,
and was behind the Father with my Candle in one Hand, and my Pistol in the
other. While he was unlocking it, a
Servant, who lay in a little Room just
by, hearing the Sound of Bolts, got up,
and peeped out at his Door. The good
Father

Father, it seems, thought him able to stop me; and, very imprudently, bade him come to his Assistance. The Rascal was fool-hardy, and rushed upon me without Consideration. I took no Time to deliberate, but knocked him down immediately, with the But-End of my Pistol. "See, Father," said I, to the Superior, "what you occasion! But "let not that hinder what you are finishing," added I, pushing him towards the outer Gate. He durst not refuse to open it. I got out successfully, and found *Lescant* just by, who was waiting for me with two Friends agreeably to his Promise.

We made off to a Distance, and went to pass the Night at a Tavern where I made myself some Amends for the bad Fare I had had for three Months past. Nevertheless I could not enjoy myself. I bitterly suffered on *Manon's* Account. "I must
"rescue

“rescue her,” said I to my three Friends.
“I wished for Liberty only with this
“View. For this I intreat your Aid
“and Assistance. I, for my Part, will
“hazard even my Life.” *Lescout*, who
wanted neither Sense nor Prudence, re-
presented to me, that it was necessary
for me to act with Caution; that my
Escape from *St. Lazare* would cer-
tainly occasion much Noise; that the
Lieutenant of the Police would cause a
Search to be made after me, and that
he had long Arms; in short, that if I
would not incur any thing worse than *St.*
Lazare, it would be right for me to keep
myself retired and concealed for some
Days, in order to give the first Heat of
my Enemies Time to cool. His Coun-
sel was wise; but to have taken it, I
must have been so too. Such Slowness
and Caution were by no means consist-
ent with my Passion. All my Complai-
sance extended no farther than to promise
him that I would pass the next Day in
Sleep.

Sleep. He shut me up in his Chamber, where I remained till Night.

I employed Part of this Time in forming Projects and Expedients to succour *Manon*. I was well convinced that her Prison was still more inaccessible than mine. Force and Violence were out of the Question; I could succeed only by Stratagem; but the Goddess of Invention herself would not have known where to begin. I was so embarrassed, that I postponed all farther Consideration, till I had learned how the *Hospital* was circumstanced within. As soon as it began to grow dark, I begged *Lescart* to accompany me thither. We entered into Conversation with one of the Porters, who seemed a very sensible Man. I pretended to be a Stranger, who had heard with Admiration of the *Hospital-General*, and of the Regularity there observed. I questioned him on the minutest Particulars; and proceeding from one thing to another,

another, we touched on the Governors, whose Names and Rank I begged him to tell me. The Answers which he gave me on this last Head suggested a Scheme to me on which I immediately congratulated myself, and which without Delay I put in Execution. I asked him, as a Particular essential to my Design, if these Gentlemen had any Children? He replied, that of that he could give me no exact Account, but that, as to *M. de Thurot*, who was one of the chief, he knew that he had a Son old enough to be married, who frequently came to the *Hospital* with his Father. This Intelligence was all I wanted. I broke off the Conversation soon after, and I communicated to *Lescout*, as we were returning to his Lodgings, the Idea that had occurred to my Mind. "I suppose," said I, "that young *M. de Thurot*, who "is rich and of a good Family, is in a "certain Round of Pleasure, like most "young People of his Age. He can-
" not

“ not be averſe to Women, nor ſo ridiculous as to reſuſe his good Offices
“ in an Affair of Gallantry. I have laid a
“ Plan to intereſt him in *Manon's* Liberty.
“ If he is a Man of Honour and of Feeling,
“ he will aſſiſt us, through Generoſity; if
“ he is not capable of being influenced
“ by that Motive, he will at leaſt do
“ ſomething for an amiable Girl, were
“ it only through the Hope of ſharing
“ her Favours. I will not defer ſeeing
“ him longer than till to-morrow. This
“ Project gives me ſuch Conſolation,
“ that I draw from it a good Omen.”
Lefcaut himſelf allowed that there was
great Probability in what I ſaid, and
that we had ſome Hopes from that
Quarter. This made me paſs the Night
with leſs Anxiety.

Next Morning I dreſſed myſelf as
genteely as was poſſible in my indigent
Circumſtances, and went in a Hack-
ney-Coach to *M. de Thurot's* Houſe. He
was ſurpriſed at being viſited by a Stran-
ger.

ger. I drew a favourable Conclusion from his Countenance and his Civilities. I frankly unbosomed myself to him, and in order to warm his natural Affections, I mentioned to him my Passion, and my Mistress's Merit, as two things which could not be equalled but by one another. He told me, that, though he had never seen *Manon*, he had heard of her, at least if she was the same who had been kept by old *M. de Gramont*. I did not doubt but he had been informed of the Part I had acted in that Affair; and in order to ingratiate myself with him the more, by making a Merit of my Confidence, I gave him an Account of all that had happened to *Manon* and me. "You see, Sir," continued I, "that the Interest of my
"Life, and that of my Heart, are now
"in your Hands. The one is not dear-
"er to me than the other. I am unre-
"served to you, because I am no Stran-
"ger to your Generosity, and because
"the Similitude of our Ages makes me
"hope

“hope that there will also be some Similitude in our Inclinations.” He seemed to have a proper Sense of this Mark of Openness and Candor. His Answer was that of a Man of the World and a Man of Sensibility; such as the World does not always give, but often destroys. He told me, that he looked upon my Visit as one Instance of his good Fortune; that he should esteem my Friendship as one of his happiest Acquisitions; and that he would endeavour to render himself worthy of it by his Zeal to serve me. He did not engage to restore to me *Manon*, because (as he told me,) his Interest was but small and precarious; but he promised to procure me the Pleasure of seeing her, and to do all that lay in his Power to replace her in my Arms. I was more satisfied with the Diffidence he seemed to have of his Interest than I should have been with an ample Assurance to comply with all I asked. I saw in the Moderation of his
Offers

Offers a Sincerity and Frankness that charmed me. His Promise to introduce me to *Manon* would alone have made me undertake any thing for him. I communicated to him some of these Sentiments in such a Manner as convinced him also that I was of no bad Disposition. We tenderly embraced each other, and became Friends without any other Reason than the Goodness of our Hearts, and a Simplicity of Manners which inclines a Man, who has Tenderness and Generosity, to love another who resembles himself. He carried the Marks of his Esteem still farther; for having put together my Adventures, and judging that, at leaving *St. Lazare*, I could not be easy in my Circumstances, he offered me his Purse, and begged me to accept it. I did not accept it, but I said to him, " 'Tis too much, my dear Sir. If you have the Goodness and Friendship to bring me again to my dear *Manon*, I am devoted to you for all my Life. If

" you

“you absolutely restore to me that dear
“Creature, I shall think the shedding
“all my Blood to serve you too mean a
“Recompence.”

We did not part till we had settled the Time and Place of our meeting again. He had the Politeness to defer it no longer than till the Afternoon. I waited for him at a Coffee-House, where he came to me about four o’Clock, and we sat out together for the *Hospital*. My Knees trembled as I traversed the Courts.
“Power of Love!” said I, “I shall
“then again see the dear Queen of my
“Heart, the Object of so many Tears
“and Anxieties! Heaven preserve my
“Life only till we meet, and after that
“dispose of my Fortune and my Days!
“I have no other Favour to ask.” M.
de Thurot spoke to some of the Keepers,
who crowded about him to offer what-
ever was in their Power to give him Sa-
tisfaction. He bade them show him the
M Quarter

Quarter in which was *Manon's* Apartment, and we were let into it by a Key of a formidable Size which opened her Door. I asked the Servant who conducted us, and whose Business it was to wait upon her, in what Manner she had passed her Time during her Abode there? He told us that she was of an angelic Sweetness, that he had never received from her one harsh Word, that she had shed Tears incessantly for the first six Weeks after her Arrival, but that for some Time past she seemed to bear her Misfortunes with more Patience, and that she employed herself in sewing from Morning till Night, excepting some Hours that she devoted to Reading. I enquired farther, if she had been properly and decently supported? He assured me that she had never wanted Necessaries at least. We approached her Door. My Heart beat violently. I said to *M. de Thurot*, "Go in first, and prepare her for my Visit, for I fear that she may be too
" much

“much affected on seeing me all at once.” The Door was opened to us. I stayed in the Gallery. Nevertheless I heard their Discourse. He told her, that he came to bring her a little Comfort; that he was a Friend of mine, and that he was much interested in our Welfare. She asked him with great Eagerness if he could inform her what was become of me? He promised to bring me to her as affectionate and faithful as she could desire. “When?” replied she. “This very Day,” said he; “the happy Moment shall not be delayed. He will be with you, if you chuse it, this Instant.” She understood that I was at the Door. I entered, while she hastily ran towards it. We embraced with that Effusion of Tenderness which an Absence of three Months renders so delightful to true Lovers. Our Sighs, our interrupted Exclamations, a thousand Appellations of Love, repeated languish-

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ingly on both Sides, formed, for a Quarter of an Hour, a Scene that melted *M. de Thurot*. “ I envy you,” said he, making us sit down ; “ there is no “ Fate so glorious to which I would not “ prefer a Mistress so beautiful, and so “ affectionate.” “ In like manner,” answered I, “ would I despise all the Em- “ pires of the World to be sure of the “ Happiness of being loved by her.”

All the rest of a Conversation so much desired could not but be inexpressibly tender. Poor *Manon* related to me her Adventures, and I told her mine. We wept bitterly on mentioning the Situation in which she was, and that from which I had just escaped. *M. de Thurot* consoled us by fresh Promises of exerting himself to the utmost to put an End to our Miseries. He advised us not to prolong this first Interview, that he might the more easily procure us more. He had great Difficulty to make us relish
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this Advice. *Manon* especially could not find in her Heart to let me go. She forced me to sit down again in my Chair a hundred Times. She held me by my Cloaths and by my Hands. "Alas!" said she, "in what Place do you leave me? How shall I be sure of seeing you again?" *M. de Tburot* promised to visit her often along with me. "As to the Place," added he humorously, "it must no longer be called the *Hospital*, "it is a *Versailles*, since one who deserves "the Empire of all Hearts is confined "here."

As I went away, I gave a Gratuity to the Servant who attended her, in order to make him zealous in his Duty. This Lad was not so mean and hard-hearted as his Equals. He had been present at our Interview; that affecting Sight had touched him: A Louis d'or which I gave him, completed his Attachment to me. He took me aside, when

we had got down into the Courts:
“Sir,” said he, “if you will admit me
“into your Service, or make me a hand-
“some Recompence, to indemnify
“me for the Loss of my Place here, I
“believe it will be easy for me to deli-
“ver Mademoiselle *Manon*.” I listened
attentively to this Proposal, and though
I was totally destitute, my Promises
far exceeded his Desires. I reckoned
that it would be always easy for me to
recompence a Man of that Stamp.
“Friend,” replied I, “assure your-
“self that there is nothing I will not do
“for you, and that your Fortune is
“as certain as my own.” I desired to
know what Methods he intended to em-
ploy? “No other,” said he, “than to
“open at Night her Chamber-Door,
“and conduct her to you as far as the
“outer Gate, where you must be ready
“in the Street to receive her.” I asked
him if there was no Fear of her being
known as she passed through the Gal-
leries

leries and the Courts? He owned that there was some Danger, "but," said he, "we must run some Risks." Though I was delighted with seeing him so resolute, I called M. *de Thurot*, to communicate to him this Project, and the only Reason which I thought could render it doubtful. He found more Difficulty in it than I did. He allowed that she might by these Means effectually escape; "but if she is known and apprehended again, probably it will be all over with her for ever. Besides," added he, "you must then quit *Paris* immediately; for you will never be sufficiently concealed from Search-Warrants: They will be redoubled as much on your Account as on hers. A Man escapes easily when he is alone, but it is almost impossible to live undiscovered with a pretty Woman." Solid as this Reasoning appeared to me, it could not get the better in my Mind of the Hope so near of setting *Manon* at Liber-

ty. This I owed to M. *de Thurot*, and I begged him to excuse a little Imprudence and Rashness in Love. I added, that my Design was indeed to leave *Paris*, and to settle, as I had done before, in some neighbouring Village. We agreed then with the Servant, that he should not defer his Enterprize longer than the next Day, and to render it as effectual as we possibly could, we resolved to bring some Men's Cloaths in order to facilitate her Escape. It was not easy to get them brought in; but my Invention furnished me with an Expedient. I only begged M. *de Thurot* to put on next Day two thin Waistcoats, one over the other; I undertook to manage all the rest. In the Morning we returned to the *Hospital*. I had with me, for *Manon*, Linnen, Stockings, &c. and over my Coat a Surtout, which prevented my Pockets appearing too much stuffed. We were not above a Minute in her Chamber. M. *de Thurot* lent her one of his Waistcoats; I gave her

her my Coat, the Surtout alone being sufficient for me. No part of her Dress was wanting but a Pair of Breeches, which I had unluckily forgot. The omitting this necessary Garment would no doubt have made us laugh, if the Embarrassment it occasioned us had been less serious. I was half mad to think that such a Trifle should detain us. However, I resolved what to do; to go out myself without Breeches, and to let *Manon* have mine. My Surtout was long, and by the Help of some Pins, I enabled myself to pass decently to the Gate. The Remainder of the Day seemed to me of an intolerable Length. At last, Night being come, we placed ourselves in a Coach, a little below the *Hospital-Gate*. We had not long been there before we saw *Manon* appear with her Conductor; our Door being ready-opened, they both got in in a Moment: I received my dear Mistress in my Arms. She trembled like a Leaf. The Coachman

man asked me where he should drive?
“Drive to the World’s End,” said I,
“and carry me any where, provided I
“may never be parted from *Manon*.”

This Transport, which I could not contain, had like to have been attended with fatal Consequences. The Coachman weighed my Words, and when I told him afterwards the Name of the Street where we wanted to go, he replied, that he feared my making him accessory to some bad Affair; that he was convinced that the handsome young Man who was called *Manon*, was a Girl whom I had stolen from the *Hospital*; and that he had no Mind to ruin himself for my Sake. The Squeamishness of this Fellow was only a Pretence to make me pay more dearly for my Coach-hire. We were too near the *Hospital* not to submit. “Hold your Tongue!” said I; “I’ll give you a Louis d’or.” After that, he would have assisted me in setting Fire
to

to the *Hospital* itself. We arrived at *Lescaut's* Lodgings. As it was late, *M. de Thurot* left us by the Way, promising to see us again next Morning. The Servant staid with us. I held *Manon* so closely locked in my Arms, that we took up one Place only in the Coach. She wept for Joy, and I felt my Face wet with her Tears. But when we were to alight in order to go in at *Lescaut's*, I had a fresh Dispute with the Coachman, the Consequences of which were fatal. I repented having promised him a Louis, not only because the Present was exorbitant, but for another and much stronger Reason, which was, my not being able to pay it. I sent for *Lescaut*. He came down to the Door. I told him, in a Whisper, my Distress. As he was of a hasty Temper, and not at all used to deal with Hackney-Coachmen, he replied that I was in Jest. "A Louis d'or!" added he; "twenty Strokes with a Cane for the Rascal." In vain I softly represented

sent to him that he would ruin us. He seized my Cane, as if he was going to chastise the Coachman. He, who perhaps knew by Experience what it was to fall into the Hands of a Life-guard-man, or a Musqueteer, drove away, in a Panic, with his Coach, crying, that I had cheated him, but that I should soon hear of him. I called to him to stop, but to no Purpose. His Flight made me extremely uneasy. I had no Doubt but he would give Information to the Commissary.* “You have ruined me,” said I to *Lescout*; “I shall not be safe with you. We must decamp this very Moment.” I gave *Manon* my Arm, and we walked as fast as possible out of that dangerous Street. *Lescout* accompanied us. The Manner in which Providence conducts Events is truly wonderful. We had scarce walked five or
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* An inferior Magistrate, under the Provost of *Paris*, of which there is one in every Quarter, or Ward; somewhat like our Justices of the Peace.

six Minutes, when a Man; whose Face I could not distinguish, discovered *Lescant*. He was looking out for him no Doubt in that Neighbourhood with the wicked Design which he accomplished. "'Tis "*Lescant*," said he, firing a Pistol at him; "he shall sup to-night with the "Angels." He made off immediately. *Lescant* fell down without the least Signs of Life. I urged *Manon* to fly, as our Assistance could be of no Service to a dead Body, and I was afraid of being taken up by the Watch, which would infallibly soon appear: So she and I and the Servant ran down the first cross Street. She was so terrified that I was scarce able to support her. At length, perceiving a Hackney-Coach at the End of the Street, I called to it, and in we got. But when the Coachman asked where he should drive us, I was at a Loss how to answer him. I had no sure Refuge, nor any trusty Friend to whom I could have Recourse. And besides, I
was

was without Money, having little more than half a Pistole in my Purse. The Fright and Fatigue had so overpowered *Manon*, that she was just fainting beside me. My Imagination also was filled with *Lescout's* Murder, and I was still apprehensive of the Watch: What should we do? Luckily I recollected the Inn at *Cbaillot*, where I had spent some Days with *Manon*, when we went to reside at that Village. I was in Hopes not only of being safe there, but also of being able to live there some Time, without being pressed for Payment. "Drive to *Cbaillot*," said I to the Coachman. He refused to go thither so late for less than a Pistole; another Cause of Perplexity. At last we agreed for six Livres. And this was all that I had left in my Purse.

I comforted *Manon*, as we went on, but in Truth I despaired at my Heart. I should have made away with myself a
thousand

thousand Times, if I had not held in my Arms all that rendered Life desirable. This Thought alone recovered me. "I retain her at least," said I; "she loves me, she is mine: *Tiberge* may say what he will; this is no Phantom of Happiness. I could see the whole Universe perish with Unconcern: Why? I have no longer any Affection for the rest of it." This was true; however at the very Time when I made so light of worldly Possessions, I found that I should at least want a small Part of them in order to have the more sovereign Contempt for the rest. Love is more powerful than Plenty, more powerful than Riches, but yet it has Occasion for their Assistance, and nothing is more mortifying to a delicate Lover than to see himself, in spite of all his Efforts, reduced by that to the Grossness of the meanest Souls. It was about eleven o'Clock when we reached *Chaillot*. We were received at the Inn like old Acquaintance.

Acquaintance. They were not surpris-
ed to see *Manon* in Men's Cloaths, be-
cause at *Paris* and in its Neighbourhood
it is usual for Women to wear all Kinds
of Dresses. I treated her as elegantly as
if I had been in the best Circumstances.
She knew not the State of my Finances.
I took great Care to conceal it from her,
being determined to return by myself to
Paris the next Day, in order to find some
Remedy for this perplexing Disorder.
She seemed to me, at Supper, pale and
thin. I had not perceived it at the *Hof-
pital*, because the Chamber where I
saw her was none of the lightest. I ask-
ed her if that was not owing to the
Fright into which she had been thrown
on seeing her Brother assassinated? She
assured me, that, however affected she
might be by that Accident, her Pale-
ness was entirely owing to my having
been absent from her three Months.
“ You love me then extremely?” repli-
ed I. “ A thousand Times more than I
can

“can express,” said she. “Then,” added I, “you will never leave me again?” “No, never,” answered she; and she confirmed this Assurance with so many Caresses and Oaths, that indeed I thought it impossible for her ever to forget them. I was always convinced that she was sincere; what Reason could she have for dissembling? But she was still more volatile; or rather she was no longer any thing, and she no longer knew herself, when having before her Eyes Women who lived in Affluence, she found herself in Want and Necessity. Of this I was on the Point of having the greatest Proof, one that exceeded all the rest, and which occasioned the most extraordinary Adventure that ever happened to a Man of my Birth and Fortune.

As I knew this was her Disposition, I made Haste next Day to go to *Paris*. Her Brother’s Death, and the Necessity of providing Linnen and Cloaths for her

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and myself, were such good Reasons, that I had no Occasion for Pretences. I went out of the Inn, with a Design, I told *Manon* and my Landlord, “ of taking a Coach ;” but that was a Gaseonade. Necessity obliged me to go on Foot. I walked very fast as far as the *Queen’s-walk*,* where I intended to stop. I wanted a Moment of Solitude and Tranquillity to recollect myself, and consider what I should do at *Paris*. I sat down on the Grass. I launched into an Ocean of Reasonings and Reflections, which by Degrees were reduced to three principal Heads. An immediate Supply was necessary for an infinite Number of immediate Wants. Some Method was to be found out which might at least give me Hopes for the future ; and, which was by no Means of the least Importance, I had Enquiries to make, and Measures

* *Cours de la Reine* ; so called from its being planted by Q. *Mary de Medicis*. It is on the Banks of the *Seine*, near the *Tuilleries*.

Measures to pursue, for my own and *Manon's* Safety. After having tired myself with Projects and Reflections on these three Heads, I thought it best to lay aside the two last. We were not unsafe at *Chaillot*; and as for future Wants, I thought it would be Time enough to think of them when I had satisfied the present. The Question then was, how I should replenish my Purse? *M. de Thurot* had generously offered me his, but I was extremely loth to recruit myself in that Manner. What a Figure a Man makes who exposes his Wants to a Stranger, and begs to be admitted to a Share of his Fortune! None but a mean Spirit can be capable of it, by a Baseness which prevents his perceiving the Disgrace of it, or an humble Christian by an Excess of Generosity which renders him superior to that Shame. I was neither a Man of a mean Spirit nor a good Christian; I would have given half my Blood to avoid such a Humiliation. "*Ti-*

berge," said I, "the good *Tiberge*, will
" he refuse me what he may be able to
" give me? No, he will be affected by
" my Misery; but he will kill me with
" his Morals. I must bear his Re-
" proaches, his Exhortations, his
" Threats; he will make me buy his
" Assistance at so dear a Rate, that I
" would again part with half my Blood
" rather than expose myself to that vex-
" atious Scene which will load me with
" Trouble and Remorse. Well," added
I, "I must then relinquish all Hope,
" as I have no other Resource left, and
" as I am so far from employing these
" two, that I would rather shed half my
" Blood than employ either, that is to
" say, all my Blood rather than employ
" them both. Yes, all my Blood,"
said I, after a Moment's Pause, "I
" would rather forfeit it all than stoop
" to a mean Supplication. But is my
" Blood here at stake? The Life, the
" Support

“Support of *Manon*, her Love, her
“Constancy are all at stake: What have
“I to weigh in the Scale with her? At
“present I have nothing. She supplies
“the Place of Fame, Prosperity, and
“good Fortune. No doubt there are
“many things that I would give my
“Life to obtain or avoid, but the va-
“luing any thing more than my Life is
“no Reason why I should value it as I
“do *Manon*.” After these Reflections
I was not long in coming to a Conclusion.
I continued my Walk, resolving to go
first to *Tiberge*, and then to M. de
Thurot.

When I had got into *Paris*, I took a
Hackney Coach, tho’ I had not where-
with to pay the Fare. I depended on
the Assistance that I was going to solicit.
I drove to the *Luxembourg*,* from whence
I sent

* A noble Palace, built by Q. Mary de Me-
dicis.

I sent to inform *Tiberge* that I was there waiting for him. He gratified my Impatience by his Speed. I acquainted him with my extreme Necessity, without the least Evasion. He asked me if the hundred Pistoles that I had returned him would be sufficient for me, and without making any Manner of Difficulty, he went instantly to fetch them with that Frankness and Pleasure in giving which are peculiar to Love and true Friendship. Though I had not the least Doubt of succeeding in my Request, I was surprised at having obtained it on such easy Terms; that is to say, without his taking me to Task for my Impenitence; but I was mistaken in thinking myself quite secure from his Reproaches, for after he had counted me out the Money, and I was just going to leave him, he desired me to take a Turn with him in the Walk: I had not mentioned *Manon* to him, he knew not that she was at Liberty; so his Lecture turned only on my

my rash Escape from St. *Lazare*, and on the Apprehensions he had, that, instead of profiting by the prudential Advice I had there received, I should relapse into all my former Vices. He told me, that going to visit me at St. *Lazare* the Day after my Escape, he was astonished beyond Expression, on learning the Manner in which I got away; that he had some Conversation on that Subject with the Superior; that the good Father was not yet recovered from his Fright; that nevertheless as the Porter was only stunned by the Blow I had given him, he had had the Generosity to conceal from the Lieutenant of the Police the Circumstances of my Escape; that therefore I had no Occasion to be uneasy on that Account; that if I had the least Remains of Wisdom left, I should avail myself of that happy Turn which Heaven had given to my Affairs; that I ought to begin by writing to my Father, and restoring myself to his Favour, and that if I

would for once be guided by him, he advised me to leave *Paris* and return into the Bosom of my Family. I listened to his Discourse 'till he had quite finished it. It contained many Particulars that were satisfactory. First, I was delighted at having nothing to fear in regard to *St. Lazare*. The Streets of *Paris* were again free to me. In the second Place, I congratulated myself on *Tiberge's* not having the least Notion of *Manon's* Escape and of her Return to me. I observed that he had even avoided mentioning her to me ; probably through an Opinion that I had her less at Heart, as I seemed so easy on that Subject. I resolved, if not to return to my Family, at least to write to my Father, as he advised me, and assure him that I was ready again to follow my Duty and his Inclination. I was in Hopes of engaging him to send me some Money on the Pretence of performing my Exercises at the University ; for it would

would be difficult to persuade him that I intended to resume Holy Orders, and in Truth I had no Dislike to what I designed to promise him, but on the contrary was very desirous of applying myself to any thing that was honest and reasonable; provided it was not inconsistent with my Love for *Manon*. I depended on living with her, and keeping my Exercises at the same Time. That was very compatible. I was so pleased with all these Reflections, that I promised *Tiberge* to dispatch a Letter to my Father that very Day. I actually sat down at a Writing-Desk as soon as I left him, and wrote in a Manner so tender and submissive, that I made no Doubt but I should obtain every thing from a paternal Heart.

Though I was able to hire and to pay for an Hackney-Coach after parting with *Tiberge*, I took a Pleasure in walking boldly on foot to M. *de Thurot*'s. I was delighted with this Exertion of my Freedom

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Freedom, for which my Friend had
assured me that I had nothing more to
fear. However on a sudden it came
into my Mind that his Assurance re-
spected only St. *Lazare*, and that, be-
sides that, I had the Affair of the *Hos-
pital* also on my Hands; without reck-
oning *Lescout's* Death, in which I was
at least concerned as a Witness. This
Idea so terrified me that I withdrew into
the first Alley, and from thence sent
for a Coach. I went directly to M. *de*
Thurot's, whom I diverted with my
Fright. It appeared still more ridiculous
to myself, when he informed me that I
had nothing to fear either in regard to
the *Hospital* or to *Lescout*. He told me,
that, thinking he might be suspected of
being accessory to *Manon's* Escape, he
went in the Morning to the *Hospital*,
and asked to see her; pretending to be
ignorant of what had happened; that
they were so far from accusing either
him

him or me, that on the contrary they were eager to tell him this Adventure as a strange Piece of News, and that they were amazed that a Girl so handsome as *Manon* should consent to run away with a Footman ; to which he contented himself with answering coldly, that he was not surpris'd at it, nor at any thing that was done for Liberty. He proceeded to tell me that from thence he went to *Lescout's*, hoping to find me there with my charming Mistress ; that the Landlord of the House, who was a Coach-Maker, protested to him that he had seen neither her, nor me ; but that there was no Wonder in our not coming to his House, if it was to *Lescout* that we intended to come ; because, without Doubt, we must have heard that he was murdered much about the Time that *M. de Thurot* mentioned. He then related

lated to him what he knew of the Occasion and the Circumstances of that Murder; he said, that about two Hours before this Accident, a Lifeguardman of *Lescant's* Acquaintance came to see him, and asked him to play; that *Lescant* won so fast, that the other lost at least an hundred Crowns in an Hour, that is to say, all his Money; that not having a Farthing left, he begged *Lescant* to lend him half the Sum that he had lost, and that, after some Difficulties started on that Occasion, they quarrelled with the utmost Animosity; that *Lescant* refused to go out and give him Satisfaction, and that the other, when he left him, swore he would blow his Brains out, which, it seemed he actually did that very Night. *M. de Thurot* was so obliging as to add, that he had been very uneasy on our Account,
and

and again offered me his Service. I told him, without Hesitation, the Place of our Retreat. He begged me to allow him to go and sup with us: I had nothing more to do but to buy some Linnen and Cloaths for *Manon*: I told him that we might set out that very Hour, if he would take the Trouble of stopping with me one Moment at some Shops. I know not whether he thought that I proposed this to him with a View of piquing his Generosity, or whether it was owing to a voluntary Impulse, but having agreed to set out immediately, he carried me to the Mercer's whom he employed, and after making me chuse out several Stuffs of a higher Price than I had intended, he absolutely forbade the Mercer's receiving a Penny of my Money. He performed this Piece of Politeness with so good a Grace, that I thought
I might

I might accept of it without being
ashamed. We sat out together for
Challiot, to which I returned with less
Uneasiness than I left it.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

